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Yevonde.

LADY VICTORIA HAIG.

100, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

Investing in Beauty

AS appears on another page, an American friend of the English countryside, Mr. Boies Penrose, has given £1,000 to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and will give further sums up to a total of £10,000 for every additional subscription sent to the Council within two months. Thus the proverb "They give twice who give quickly" is literally true of this opportunity for setting the organisation which stands for the defence of all that we love in the English scene on a sound financial basis. We are familiar with Trade Unions, which (however their power may be abused) have organised the trades of this country into formidable alliances for the betterment of those who engage in them, and with the combined force of the Trades Unions Council. The C.P.R.E. cannot be better defined than as the united council of all individuals and bodies whose object is the continued enjoyment of the countryside. By the payment of a guinea or more it is open to any individual to become a member, though at present it must be confessed that a large proportion of the Council's meagre revenue comes from "affiliated bodies": touring, architectural and learned societies. The question, What will be done with this sum if it is subscribed? is best answered by another question: What can be expected of a council responsible for the amenities of the whole kingdom that has at present an income of less than £1,500 per annum? The cause of preservation is one in which we must, just at first, have faith, for it cannot suddenly be achieved, but must proceed by educating the nation to help itself. If the Council is

properly equipped, it will be able to extend its activities enormously and be, in fact as well as in theory, the trade union of all whose profession is the love of their countryside.

"How can it be allowed?"—the question breaks continually from the lips of all who travel through our countryside, at the sight of sporadic development, ramshackle huts, advertisements, vulgarity, litter, glaring new roads, spoilt villages. These things, it must be understood, are the product of organised Progress and Prosperity, undirected by Civilisation—the civil sense. The C.P.R.E. in no way stands for interference with communications, trade, or the movement of population from the towns into the countryside—perhaps the greatest benefit to mankind that modern conditions have brought about. On the contrary, it is a civilising force that aims at cultivating the nation's sense of responsibility, so that at the same time as it enjoys the countryside it will refrain from devastating it. The Council's policy, already put into effect in the achievements of two years, cannot be better summarised than in the words of Mr. Penrose himself. In presenting his donation he observes:

I am the more moved to do so when I see England now making many of the very mistakes in development that have gone far to spoil the amenity of much of America: mistakes that we are just now recognising and attempting, with great difficulty and at great cost, to correct. "As a form of insurance" he makes this liberal contribution for the preservation of a country not yet rendered uninhabitable. In significant words he continues:

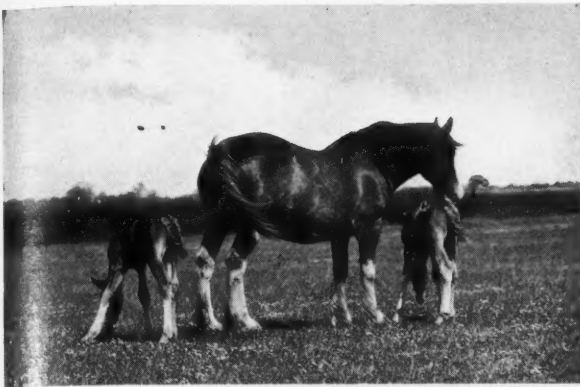
I feel that there is no good reason why so much of the countryside should be spoiled especially if the Councils that you represent can only make their views sufficiently well known and accepted. To that end adequate funds are obviously essential and will surely be forthcoming when the need is fully appreciated.

It might be thought that the changes that have overtaken the countryside since the war would have demonstrated "the need" of organising educated opinion in its defence. To judge from the temper of those most concerned, and from the constant protests and appeals communicated to the Press, it is realised. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England was formed two years ago to meet the need, and, with its limited resources, it has shown that this is indeed the way to tame the dragon of "development." But the vast majority of the well meaning and beauty-loving are still unaware that there is more constructive work to be done than wringing the hands. Individuals unaided and unallied can do little; but if each one of us who is physically hurt by ugliness and thoughtlessness enrolled in the league of defence, our opinions would acquire the force of our numbers. The C.P.R.E. is led not by mere enthusiasts—though their enthusiasm is inspiring—but by men who are expert in the practical means of saving our landscape from ruin. Among the Council's officials are members of both Houses of Parliament, many of the most influential architects, directors of the Housing Department of the Ministry of Health, lawyers, writers and landowners. These give their services freely, voicing the claim of the countryside for respect in quarters where expediency and material profit are the accepted values. But at every turn their hands are tied by lack of funds. There is a limit to which private good will can be expected to furnish the means of prosecuting a national work. The time has come when an appeal must be made to the nation to contribute for its own benefit. A stranger has had the foresight and the faith in the Council's methods to give a magnificent lead in establishing the movement financially. Shall not we, for very pride, if for no deeper motive, endorse his practical good sense? Subscriptions, whether to the fund or for membership of the Council, should be sent to the Secretary, 17, Great Marlborough Street, W.1.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Victoria Haig, second daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig of Bemersyde and Countess Haig. Lady Victoria's engagement to Mr. Claude Montagu-Douglas-Scott, only son of Lord and Lady Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott, has recently been announced.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

A MORE appropriate scheme could hardly have been devised than that which brings much sorely needed help to the London Hospitals as a national thank-offering for the King's recovery. King Edward's Hospital Fund, which was instituted by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, for the maintenance of the London Voluntary Hospitals, had already decided to appeal to the public when they were urged to more immediate action by the almost startling munificence of an anonymous benefactor. At the same time the announcement made in Parliament the other day that the Government were prepared to subscribe £100,000 for the purchase of a supply of radium, provided that the public would subscribe a like amount, suggested another admirable object for public beneficence, and the two schemes have now been happily and successfully merged in one another. The appeal for the Voluntary Hospitals needs no explanation or recommendation to-day; the splendid work our hospitals do and their need of funds are matters well known to everybody. But a word may, perhaps, be said with regard to the radium appeal. This is the first time that it has been possible to assert categorically that a course of radium treatment can be used quite as successfully as the surgeon's knife in many cases of cancer. This means that in radium we now know we have no mere palliative, but a serious way of attacking the disease.

THE completion of the new electoral registers has disclosed a state of affairs that in many constituencies borders on the farcical. The number of women voters outweighs the number of men in nine out of ten constituencies, and sometimes by as much as 30 per cent. In Bournemouth the preponderance of women voters is not surprising, but no one would have guessed that in a London borough like Marylebone the women outnumber the men by half as much again. The actual figures for this constituency are: male voters, 29,455; female voters, 45,062, the female vote having increased by nearly 19,000 since the 1928 register. In spite of this feminine ascendancy, the male vote is said to be larger than was anticipated, since many unexpected male voters have been discovered through the New Act which imposes a fine on those failing to register. But these new recruits are not likely to be much help to the male cause when it comes to the question of voting. The minority in which men now find themselves is an added cause for indifference when a man's electoral value is so hopelessly discounted. It now remains to be seen whether the Government, as a result of their rash bid for feminine favour, will find their army of flappers as appreciative as they expect.

THE Test Matches and Sir Henry Segrave have helped to give us a good conceit of ourselves, and now our golf professionals have continued the good work. That was a great win of theirs at Moortown last week, well deserved and generously acknowledged by the losers.

It seemed almost too much to hope for after we were a point to the bad in the foursomes, for one point can be a millstone round a team's neck. That, at any rate, was the spectators' opinion, but it was not the players'. On the second day they played with magnificent confidence, pulled the game round by luncheon, and "rubbed it in" for all they were worth in the afternoon. The whole eight of them deserve all the praise that anyone can give them, but, perhaps, a special word is due to three of them: Duncan, the captain, and Charles Whitcombe for overwhelming their men in the morning and so heartening up their comrades, Cotton for playing with such courage and composure in the afternoon when he realised that the issue of the day, in all human probability, hung on his match. British golfers have been needing a tonic of this kind for some while. They have had a splendid one, and it is for them to see that its effects do not wear off.

THE COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools Miniature-Rifle

Competition is now an institution, but one which does not age and gathers new supporters every year. The two challenge cups are simply the symbols of victory which go to the winning schools to be held for a year, then they are stoutly fought for and, perhaps, retained for another season, or, if the fates decree, lost to some other team until again re-won. The schools which win the cups also secure a special miniature rifle apiece, while every member of the winning teams receives a silver medal, and those teams which come second and third receive the same medal struck in bronze. In the seventeen years during which the COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools Miniature-Rifle Championships have been held over five hundred medals have been won, and many boys must have counted it first among their trophies for marksmanship. Apart from the utility of rifle shooting to the individual, there is little doubt that the competition has been of great value in maintaining interest in the shooting side of the O.T.C. work and encouraging keenness and sporting rivalry among the schools. Every year the increasing number of entries renders the event even more competitive, and to win or take high place in the list reflects the greatest possible credit not only on the teams, but on their instructors.

HORIZON.

Let the pure line of hill
With those dark trees etched on the saffron sky
Be to you still
The inviolate horizon: never try
To scale the crag, invade the enchanted wood
Lest all your toil
Should bring you but an acre of bare soil,
A tangled thicket—lest you should
Find knowledge in exchange
For all that's beautiful, and far, and strange.
FREDA C. BOND.

THE London Zoo is the most famous zoo in all the world, and now it is holding its centenary celebrations in a befitting manner. There will be gatherings of zoologists, a garden-party to the Fellows, but the real centenary event is the beginning of the building of the great open-air zoological farm at Whipsnade. A century ago the little corner of Regent's Park was large enough to hold the collection; since then our knowledge of the animal world has been so vastly extended that this, the richest collection in the world, is badly cramped for space and unable to display its treasures to the best advantage. The new Zoo coming into being at Whipsnade will give the animals the advantage of space, open-air and country conditions. They will live there and come up to town for spells of exhibition duty at the Gardens. The change is one which will appeal to all lovers of animals who have, despite their affection for the Zoo, felt that for some animals barred cages were oppressive. The Society, under the able management of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, has enormously increased in popularity, and has not only paid its way most handsomely, but accumulated funds which render possible the present great enterprise at Whipsnade. It should be a matter for national self-congratulation that our Zoo is not only the

oldest in the world, but will now, with its additions, be the largest and the most up to date.

THERE is a Wild Birds Protection Act, but why not a Wild Flowers Protection Act? The new by-law recommended by the Home Office for adoption by the County Councils will do something in the way of checking destruction, but the fines it imposes are scarcely severe enough to serve as a powerful deterrent. The pictures that the Bishop of Gloucester and Lord Bledisloe have painted—of woods once rich with fern and orchis and gentian, bluebell and primrose, devastated as if by a plague of particularly malignant locusts—are no exaggeration. Nor are uneducated persons the only, though presumably they are the more numerous, offenders. Nurserymen will scour the country for the wild rose stock and for ferns, and "rockery fiends" for gentians to cram in suburban gardens. But the bulk of the irreparable destruction is wanton: done when the plants are in flower and cannot survive transplantation. And in a high percentage of cases the sheaves of daffodils and the torn-up roots are thrown away on the road when the lust of acquisitiveness cools. Publicity—by poster, in 'buses, on the wireless and in schools—has been found to have some effect upon the more intelligent among the public. But the instinct to destroy what is beautiful is often deeply seated—a perversion of the æsthetic faculty deplorably common in town-bred classes—and repressible only by practical measures.

OUR old friend Billy Bones of *Treasure Island* would have conceived a vast contempt for the modern seaman if he could have read some recent statistics showing the diminution of the taste for rum. These deal with H.M.S. Rodney during the Fleet exercises in the Mediterranean, and show that out of 962 petty officers and lower deck ratings entitled to a daily rum ration, 613 preferred to draw "savings" at the rate of threepence a day. "Doctors is all swabs" was Billy Bones's comment when Dr. Livesey forbade him to drink rum, and doubtless he would deem these 613 who imbibe tea and fruit drinks instead of it the most deplorable of swabs. John Silver, on the other hand, would have approved heartily, for he was "a kind of a chapling," a careful man with a bank account, and pointed out to Israel Hands the fate that awaited those who took their fling. He would have been entirely right and Billy Bones entirely wrong, yet there is something just a little depressing about—

Yo ho ho and a soda fountain.

AT last the direct and indirect purveyors of music in London have reached an agreement that will ensure our possessing at least one first-class orchestra, employed on a full-time basis, and equal to any Continental orchestra. The London Symphony Orchestra has entered into a contract with Mr. Lionel Powell, Covent Garden Opera House and His Master's Voice Gramophone Company by which the members will be fully employed for three years. Hitherto the efficiency of the orchestra has been undermined by a pernicious system of deputies which would never be tolerated elsewhere. So long as their employment as an orchestra was too occasional to provide an adequate livelihood, it was only fair that highly skilled players should be free to accept supplementary work, which often involved their absence from rehearsals, if not from certain performances. The result was that the *ensemble*, on which an orchestra, however skilled individually, stands or falls, often left much to be desired. Now the orchestra is assured continuous employment as a whole, and will be enabled to devote adequate time to rehearsal for concerts, opera and recording performances alike. One motive behind this agreement was apparently the fact that the British Broadcasting orchestra, for which the Columbia Company has sole recording rights, was draining the London Symphony Orchestra (and, incidentally, "His Master's Voice") of the best players. It is an ill wind . . .

THE *début* of the "Tote" at Lingfield last week was a great success, the only complaint being that it did not provide enough accommodation for those who were eager

to use it. That is quite in accordance with what a *débutante* expects, and as to the long-awaited thing's appearance, it was dressed in a handsome hut of bright green weather boarding, trimmed on either side with six wire grills for placing 2s. 6d. and 10s. bets, with three small pigeon-holes for paying out. At the end of each race the number of tickets sold was chalked on a board, with the amount of the share-out for the winners, minus the Tote's 10 per cent. The odds given compared very favourably with those of the bookies, showing an average of 15 to 20 per cent. better terms. In the Farmers' Race, for instance, the Tote gave 21s. for each 2s. 6d. backed—just over 7½ to 1 compared with the 4 or 5 to 1 of the bookies. The money staked during the day was over £2,000—an average of some £330 on each race—which was by no means bad for a quiet meeting like this one. Quiet was also the atmosphere prevalent round the Tote itself. Indeed we are not sure if the rather cold-blooded stillness is entirely to the Tote's advantage. Some of us are infected by the bookie's frenzy to part us from our money. But, unless the human element is to be eliminated altogether, it must be allowed this one advantage.

AMONG the modern work to be seen at the Seaford House Exhibition of Silver (in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital) is the Wakefield Gold Trophy presented to Sir Henry Segrave. It serves, among other things, to remind us of the enterprise and public spirit shown by Sir Charles Wakefield in supporting men like Major Segrave, Sir Alan Cobham and Captain Malcolm Campbell. The truth is that Sir Charles is not only a great and successful man of business, but he is a great patriot—not a patriot who confines his activities to the waving of flags, but one who is for ever looking for some new way to benefit his country. Especially does he turn to the new generation with hope, and seeks to do all he can to help younger men to make the best of their lives. His appearances on such occasions as the public banquet to Major Segrave are always very welcome, and the obvious sincerity and lack of exaggeration of his speeches of congratulation make them doubly so to the hero of the hour.

ALTERNATIVES.

Which way? Which way?

Both roads go to Oxford, so the signposts say!

Take the high road and you'll see

Larch—and a dancing cherry tree,

Cars and caravans and 'buses

Tarring of roads and other fusses—

If you like, I will

Slow down on Hinksey Hill,

For you

To look at Matthew Arnold's view!

The little road? . . . Oh nothing, more or less—

A spinney . . . windflowers . . . and quietness.

(The green will never be so fresh again,

There might be violets in the lane—

And would it matter if we missed the train?)

Well you choose the way—

Both roads go to . . . Oxford—so the signposts say!

GRACE JAMES.

IT is doubly pleasant to know that the scheme whereby so many gardens were opened to the public during the last two summers on behalf of the Queen's Institute of District Nurses is to be continued. The intelligence that the gardens are opening is as much a sign of spring as the opening of the flowers themselves. Last year no fewer than seven hundred and twenty gardens were thrown open, and it is hoped that this year the number will be considerably increased. The Queen's Institute and the County Nursing Associations, which help to provide skilled nursing for those unable to afford the services of a private nurse, have been sensibly assisted by the scheme. On the other side of the picture, the scheme gives a new delight to country dwellers of all conditions, and in many cases occasion for excursions from towns which would not otherwise have been undertaken. As the facilities

offered by the scheme become better known, it is to be anticipated that increasing numbers of people will avail themselves of them. Details of places and dates will be published shortly.

THE R.S.P.C.A. has announced that, on a poll, the majority of its members are in favour of the prohibition of deer hunting. The actual membership who were entitled to vote was 7,672. Of these only 4,267 voted, and the ballot showed 3,125 in favour of prohibition and 1,142 against. In other words, rather less than half the members of this Society are in favour of abolishing deer hunting. We regret this ballot, for the Society has, in the past, done much good and useful work. Its interference

with deer hunting will, we fear, be followed by similar excursions into the realms of other field sports, and fox hunting, shooting and even the contemplative art of angling may all in time fall under its displeasure. The extent to which these matters are the concern of the Society is very doubtful, and there does not seem to be any reason why the voices of this small group should be taken too seriously. In a country of many millions three thousand or so cranks can be found to vote against almost anything. The wild red deer of Exmoor are grand and beautiful creatures, and the last survivors of the deer which once roved our English forests. If hunting stops, there is no reason for preserving them, and the farmer's shot-gun and the poacher's snare will complete the extermination of the race.

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH

BY BERNARD DARWIN.



THE FIRST FOURSOME ON THE HOME GREEN.
Compston (putting), Turnesa, C. A. Whitcombe and Farrell.

COLUMNS upon columns have been written on the Ryder Cup match, and yet I suppose I must add to them. The occasion was certainly a remarkable one and, though I grew infinitely weary of standing on tip-toe and of being buffeted this way and that by rushing enthusiasts, I would not have missed the match for any consideration. For concentrated excitement it would have been hard to beat it, and the Saturday afternoon, when we felt that, for once, our men had established what people call a moral superiority and were going to win, was really worth living for.

It does not very much matter what I thought beforehand, but confession is good for the soul, and so I

confess that I was wrong. I did not think our men could quite do it. I did not think so before the match began, and still less after the first day when the Americans had scored that one point in the foursomes, the single point which the University match has taught one to regard as so priceless to hold, so hard to get back. The British team played incomparably better on the

second day than on the first. In the foursomes they gave an impression of suffering from an inferiority complex: they were so surprised to find themselves winning that they could not quite win. On that first day one slightly cynical Scotsman remarked to me that there was only one difference between the two teams—the Britons had hard luck with their putts



DUNCAN BUNKERED WITH HAGAN WATCHING.

and the American putts went in. On the second day that difference disappeared; the British putts no longer fluttered up to the lip of the hole only to turn aside; there seemed to be just that extra little bit of confidence in hitting them that made all the difference in the world, and this same confidence pervaded the whole British game.

From the moment play began on Saturday and Charles Whitcombe began the good work by getting a flying start against Farrell, our men played as if they thought they could win. When they got an enemy down they did not let him get up again, but trampled on him.

All our men quitted themselves like men, and it would be almost impossible to imagine anything better than the play of Charles Whitcombe and Duncan in the singles; but the individual hero of the match was an American, Leo Diegel. Diegel may have reached the topmost peak of his form too soon, but, if he has not, then it is not necessary to look much farther for our Open Champion. He was almost incredibly brilliant. In the foursomes he and Espinosa went round in 66. On the next day, which was his birthday, he showed that he could do still a little better without a partner to help him; so he went round against the luckless Mitchell in 65, to which he added ten holes in 37 after lunch—altogether, ten under an average of fours for the day on a course which, without being at all desperately severe, is yet a good, sound course and 6,400 yds. long. Diegel does these surprising things without looking surprisingly good. He is the one man on the American side of whom it may be said that he has not a good style; the swing lacks the grace of the typical American swing, and there is a curious sway of the head and duck of the body. Handsome is as handsome does, however; he is very long and one of the very finest long iron players up to the pin I ever saw. He is constantly laying the ball within holing distance, and when he gets there—my goodness!—how he does hole them.

A famous old putter in bygone days at St. Andrews, Mr. John Blackwood, was described as putting in a style contorted to the point of anguish. The description might well fit Diegel's style. He is said to have taken a year's hard work to learn and perfect it, and I can well believe it. Other people putt, and putt well, with their elbows squared; but Diegel's elbows are more than squared; his left elbow is nearer to the ground than his left hand, and that is a contortionist's attitude, as anyone can painfully discover for himself if he tries. His body is bent double, the top of the putter shaft is running into the player's stomach. It sounds and, at first, looks supremely uncomfortable, but I never saw a putter move with such apparent inevitableness in the right slot or groove. There is no movement of the wrists whatever; the ball is given a stiff-wristed push, with a noticeably short take-back of the club, and it is pushed so straight that at any distance Diegel can give his adversary a cold shiver of apprehension.



COTTON DRIVING, WITH GOLDEN BY THE TEE BOX.

Duncan. Turnesa has the most graceful conceivable swing, but seemed inclined to play a little loosely when the crisis came. We have not yet seen the best of some of our visitors, I am sure. We probably have not seen the best of Horton Smith, though he did win his match, but he impressed everyone who saw him. When a man has won all the tournaments that he has won this winter, we know that he must be a very good golfer, but the actual seeing of him makes more impression than statistics. Horton Smith has a beautiful style—rather a short swing with a long, flowing follow through; he gives the impression of perfect control, alike physical and temperamental, and his long iron shots to the pin were almost as good as Diegel's. Here must surely be a champion in the making, and the process will not take long.

I have said more about the Americans than about our own men, because many of them come to us entirely or nearly as strangers, and are the more interesting on that account. I am unpatriotically rather afraid that one of them, reinforced by Macdonald Smith and Armour, who are American-Scots, will win the Championship. But, if I had room, I might say a great deal more of our own players, who were the unquestioned heroes of this day.

Compston did a fine, dour bit of match playing when he beat Sarazen, and beat him easily. To be four up and then to lose three holes running is to receive a horrid shock; yet from that instant Compston settled down to play magnificent golf and went right away. Cotton again deserves a very special word. He utterly refused to be shaken by Watrous's brilliant start in the morning round, and in the afternoon, when he must have felt that the whole issue of the day depended on him and that he would be the last man to finish, with all that frantic, surging mob to look at him, he was as steady as a rock; once he had got his winning lead he clung to it relentlessly. However, every man Jack of them played well, and the only two men to lose their singles, Mitchell and Robson, were the only two to win a foursome. So everyone of the eight did his bit in the scoring, "which," as Mr. Pecksniff would observe, "is likewise very soothing."

It was in every way a delightfully friendly match, though an intensely keen one; and there is just one thing I should like to say in conclusion. After all the preliminary tomfoolery we had read about uniforms of blue knickerbockers, fawn-coloured shirts, stars and stripes, Union Jacks and heaven knows what beside, it was a relief to find that the players appeared habited not as merry-andrews, but as sane Christians and good golfers.



LEO DIEGEL, WHO DID A 65.
"The individual hero of the match."

AT EPSOM AND SANDOWN PARK

THE AGA KHAN IN LUCK—AND OUT OF IT.

I WELL remember the morning in the sale paddocks at Doncaster when the Aga Khan gave 10,000 guineas for Parwiz, who at four years of age won for him the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom last week. There was much curiosity to see the yearling, for the very good reason that in the previous year his elder brother, Manna, had won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. Now, you would expect two colts from the same mare, sired by the same horse, to bear some resemblance to each other. There was, however, extraordinarily little between Manna and Parwiz.

Manna was low and lengthy, and in the matter of stature appreciably under-sized. He had plenty of "frontage," although he possessed a somewhat unmasculine head. His best points were the power behind the saddle, especially the depth of his quarters. Parwiz, as I recall him in that sale ring, was taller, shorter in the rein perhaps, even then showing rather more quality, and because he was very much on his toes and inclined to be coltish and noisy, he could have been described as "flash." I believe Fred Darling, the Beckhampton trainer, who had had Manna in his care, did not quite like him. Had he done so he would doubtless have made a point of buying him for Lord Dewar or Lord Woolavington.

I am not quite sure whether the Hon. George Lambton bought Parwiz for the Aga Khan, or whether the latter for a change did his own bidding. Anyhow, it follows there must have been some opposition or the buyer would not have had to go to five figures. No one can say even now that his career has been a success. Maybe the best part of it is in the future, for his way of winning the big handicap at Epsom was the way of a good horse. I thought he was a little unlucky when he was narrowly beaten for the Middle Park Stakes won by Lord Derby's Pharamond. It was form which encouraged a hopeful outlook for his three year old career, but he only won that one race at Goodwood when claiming the maiden allowance.

BEARY'S TACTICS.

Last week's win, therefore, was only the second of his career. Certainly it would not be right to describe it as a popular one, wishful though we may be to see the Aga Khan have at least his fair share of good fortune in return for the money he has lavished on bloodstock since he came to the English Turf soon after the war. Parwiz rather disgraced himself when a short-priced second favourite for the Lingfield Handicap on the 6th of last month. He was esteemed so much for the sound reason that he had been tried very well indeed with Athford, who had only lost the Lincolnshire Handicap by a short head.

In the race Parwiz got off well, dropped his bit, and would take no further interest in the proceedings. How could you trust him again for the City and Suburban? The fact that few would put their trust in him explains why his starting price was this time the long one of 100 to 6, exactly four times the price which had been quoted about him at Lingfield Park.

Beary, who is one of the most intelligent jockeys riding, as well as the most skilful, decided to adopt different riding tactics. He would make no attempt to jump off really well, though quick starting at every distance is usually so essential on the Epsom course. He would let the horse run his own race, giving him time to settle down and get on his legs, and then see what might happen. I think if the jockey had broadcasted his intentions it would not have shortened the starting price, and, personally, when I saw him last to leave the gate I immediately wiped him out from my calculations. So much for Parwiz for the moment.

HOW PARWIZ WON.

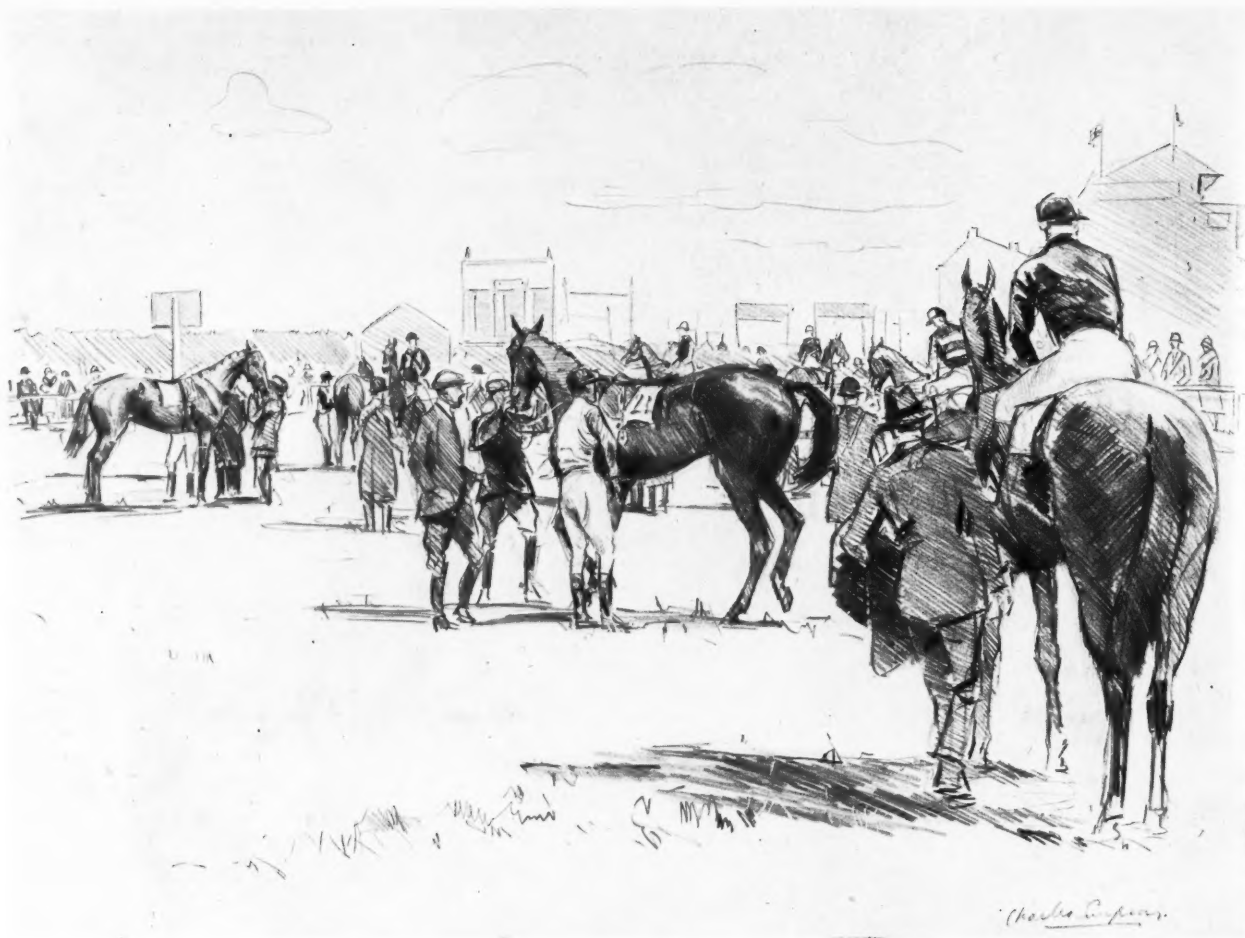
I turned to see Caballero out with a lead which he began rapidly to increase. Elton and Fohanaun, to whom I had given big chances, especially the former, were nearer the Parwiz end of the line. They swung round Tattenham Corner now in a much strung out line with Caballero still showing the way and holding a lead which now seemed positively unassailable. And I do not think he would have been caught had he been able to stay the mile and a quarter. That distance, however, was just too far for him. As he showed signs of weakening quite close home a dramatic change came over the situation. One which I recognised as Knight of the Grail got closer to the leader.

Simultaneously I saw Elton again, but this time bearing down on Caballero in such a way as caused his many backers to shout the name of the horse that had won the Lincolnshire Handicap at 100 to 1. But he, too, wavered and could do no more. Then came the third and successful challenger. It was Parwiz appearing from I know not where. Racing on grandly, perfectly balanced, unimpeded as Elton had been, he came with an irresistible rush to bear down on the unfortunate Caballero and literally snatch the race away from him. He got up to win in this sensational fashion by half a length, with Elton filling third place.

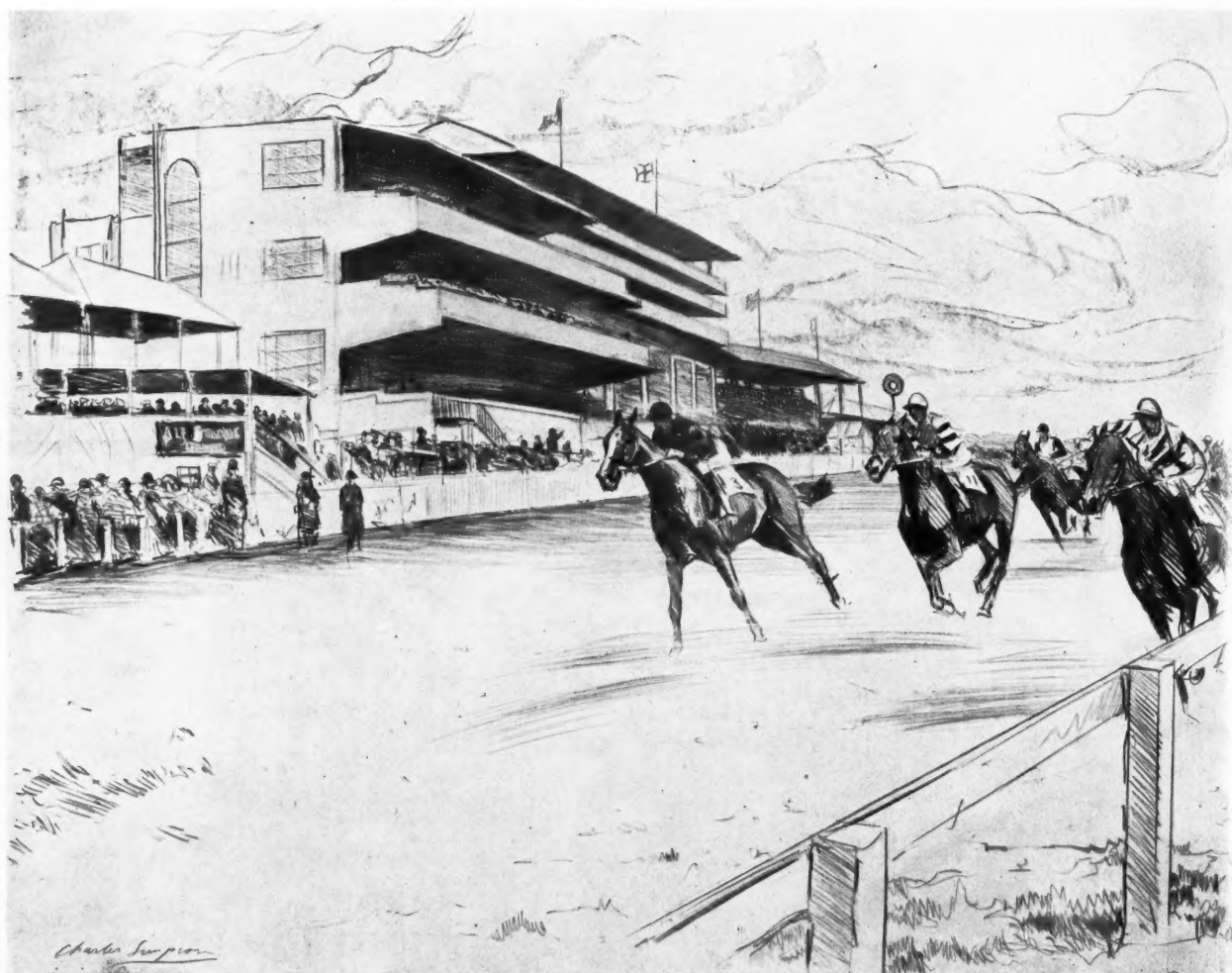
Whatever we might have thought of Parwiz at Lingfield Park, we had now to revise opinions. Nothing could have been more creditable and genuine than his way of winning. Apparently Beary had divined his secret, and, now that he knows, it is



IN THE PADDOCK FOR THE NONSUCH STAKES.



SADDLING UP FOR THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.



THE FINISH OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

quite likely that Parwiz will be encouraged to even better and bigger things during the season. It may be that Fohanaun is not as good as he was, which is not unlikely, seeing that he is now a six year old. It was proved to us that he had no pretensions to give 13lb. to Parwiz or as much as 21lb. to Elton. I consider that the latter really did meet with some interference though it would be well where the winner is concerned to accept the form as perfectly correct.

The mediocrity of the field for the Great Metropolitan Stakes of two and a quarter miles was beyond question. Where are our stayers? If this latest sample of them must be accepted as typical of the material available, then there is, indeed, much poverty in the land in this respect. Here we had winning a tubed horse by Son in Law, and this he did from the top place in the handicap. To Lord Derby's Servus, who was second, he gave 18lb. Perhaps Servus will make amends by winning the Chester Cup next week, but my information for that attractive handicap very much favours Law Suit, who will be ridden by Johnny Dines. Jugo is by Son in Law, and until he went wrong in his wind he was thought quite a lot of. I wonder, by the way, if in some wonderful way his roaring has cured itself. I listened to his breathing when he was brought back to unsaddle

Guineas. She had appeared to have that race at her mercy. It is grievous bad luck for her owner, Lord Ellesmere. Though little has so far been said on the point, I do not for a moment expect her to be able to run for the Oaks. She really has been very seriously ill with internal trouble, which it has been difficult to diagnose. Ulceration is feared, and anyone with a knowledge of such an unusual complaint in racehorses will know what is threatening the best two year old of last year.

A truly thrilling sprinting performance was put up by Mr. J. B. Joel's Tag End when that five year old grey gelding, under his top weight of 9st. 6lb. and drawn in the worst position of all, won the Great Surrey Handicap of five furlongs by three parts of a length. Only a horse of magnificent speed and true grit would have overcome his disadvantages of weight and draw so that in the end he was a comfortable winner. Tag End is by Tagrag, a grey horse that was himself speedy but not in the top class. He found his way to the stud in Ireland, and became lost sight of until we are reminded of his existence by this brilliant gelding. For an unsexed horse Tag End is remarkably powerful. As a rule geldings are lean and light of physique. The grey is a striking exception to that rule. Probably he is the fastest horse in the country to-day, and it follows that he



LEAVING THE PADDOCK FOR THE HYDE PARK STAKES.

from the long gallop, and it was certainly not that of a tubed horse.

Two other events at Epsom I must specially refer to. One was the race for the Nonsuch Stakes, a mile event which was first introduced a year ago when the idea was to give an opportunity to owners of Derby candidates to give their horses a preliminary race over the course or the last mile of it. A year ago it was won for Sir Abe Bailey by Guards Parade, who was not engaged in the Derby. Last week it was won for the Aga Khan by his Buland Bala, a colt which had been seen out before this season and which you would not think of putting in the same class as Cragadour, Mr. Jinks and others. Well, this Buland Bala won his race very easily from a shorter-priced one in Mr. Harry Morris's Artist's Proof, in whom there was very little fight when once Buland Bala ranged alongside.

Artist's Proof, by the way, is trained by Fred Darling of Bechampton. He has run quite a lot of horses so far this season, but has failed to win a race. Either his horses are unusually backward or they are not a good lot. I lean to the former explanation. Anyhow, when a stable is out of luck it is often the case that everything goes wrong just as everything has a way of going right for the stable in form.

The worst blow which has befallen this important establishment is the illness which has afflicted Tiffin in consequence of which she has been struck out of the race for the One Thousand

will have heavy weights to carry in big handicaps. He may win races like the King's Stand Stakes of five furlongs at Ascot and the July Cup at Newmarket.

I must leave the Epsom Spring Meeting and devote some of my remaining space to the two days of flat racing at Sandown Park, where there were several incidents of more than passing interest. With Parwiz and Buland Bala notable winners at Epsom, you would have expected Blenheim to have continued the run of good luck enjoyed by the Aga Khan, his trainer, R. C. Dawson, and his jockey, Michael Beary. Now Blenheim is the colt of whom I wrote favourably after seeing him win his first engagement, which was at Newbury not very long ago. I really thought we had seen one out of the ordinary, for the son of Blandford and Malva, who had cost 4,100 guineas as a yearling, had much to recommend him as an individual apart from what he showed us on the racecourse. So he came to Sandown Park to go through what was supposed to be merely a formal gallop to win the substantial stake attached to the Stud Produce Stakes.

No one seemed to give a thought to the possibility that he might be beaten, least of all his trainer and jockey. The trainer went so far as to start another in the Aga Khan's second colours. This was Hakem, by Friar Marcus from Orlass, for whom 3,500 guineas had been paid as a yearling out of last year's Sledmere lot. Why he was sent to the post at all puzzles

me, for if he had no chance why run him with the risk of creating some embarrassment? Experience in public could surely have been found for him on some other occasion. As it was the presence of Hakem in the race can be held largely accountable for Blenheim's defeat.

I suppose it must have been to the astonishment of the trainer, and I do not doubt it also was to Beary on Blenheim when Hakem for three or four furlongs went a rare gallop, even appearing to have the better of the odds-on favourite. If Haken had not done this Beary would have been able to give his colt an easy race until such moment as the Bridge of Bath filly chose to challenge him. Then would he have had something in reserve. As it was, any reserves had been exhausted in the spirited tussle with his stable companion, and so, to the great consternation of all who had laid odds on and to the surprise of everyone, Blenheim was defeated by a length. The winner was receiving from him 12lb., but she had been out twice before without doing anything to foreshadow this exploit. I refuse to accept the form as correct. The filly is by Stratford, a sire that has made splendid headway for a young horse at the stud. This daughter of his was bred at the Ballykisteen Stud in Ireland, and was bought by Sir Berkeley Sheffield for a little over 1,000 guineas as a yearling.

The Tudor Stakes is an event for horses which did not win as two year olds. It had £500 added to a sweepstakes of £15, so that its value to Mr. C. W. Gordon, who won the race with his colt Haste Away, was £1,115. What Blenheim missed crediting to the Aga Khan, by the way, was £2,261! That was rubbing in the tragedy of it all. However, to return to Haste Away. This brown colt by Ellangowan had won a small race at Birmingham earlier this season. It accounted for his having to carry a small penalty. At Newmarket we had seen him rather unluckily beaten a short head by Lord Derby's Hunter's Moon for the Spring Stakes in an attempt to concede 10lb. That form I thought ought to have been easily good

enough to win the Tudor Stakes, but it happened that he only scrambled home a short head in front of a stable companion in other ownership—Horus, belonging to Sir Laurence Phillips. Horus is a half brother to Flamingo, being by Papyrus from Lady Peregrine. He cost much more as a yearling and may yet do well, as there was merit in defeat in this case.

The Esher Cup race was over a mile and was a three year old handicap. An exceptional thing happened: it was won by a horse that proved capable of making the whole of the running. Certainly I had never previously seen this race won in such fashion, but by half a length the grey gelding Ghost Train got home from the favourite Engelberg, belonging to Mr. Somerville Tattersall. These two were a long way ahead of the rest, which shows what a spread-eagling performance it was on the part of the winner. You expect to see light weights go right away from the start if only in order to make their advantage in the weights tell. Ghost Train, however, had over 8st. in the saddle.

You would never believe that such a tall, lanky and lean-looking individual would have the speed, but the truth is he is a fine galloper with his heart in the right place. He is by Golden Orb, who was a chestnut six-furlong horse. His dam is named Grey Goose, and Sir William Cooke sold her carrying Ghost Train. When the youngster arrived he was sold as a yearling for just over a hundred pounds, being taken in partnership by Mr. P. Hands and Mr. Thrall, who has trained him in the neighbourhood of Croydon. At Leicester not so long ago he ran away with a minor race just as he may be said to have run away with this race. Mr. F. D. Hertz, husband of the owner of the American horse, Reigh Count, nearly bought him for £6,000, and I know that Mr. S. B. Joel has been in negotiation for him for something like a similar amount. As he was not foaled until late in June, less than three years ago, he is still short of being a three year old. That being so, he should make further improvement.

PHILIPPOS.

THE MARSH IN SPRING

WHEN spring really comes in there are few more delightful places than a fresh-water marsh where the waders are nesting. This year, not only is the season cold and backward, but the drought has affected even the marshes. The stiff quagmires, which should be glorious with golden kingcups, are now accessible almost dry-shod. The kingcups are there, but they are dwarfed and stunted instead of on tall juicy stems. Even the rush and

sedges are still backward, and it is now possible to pay a visit to those mysterious little islands of stunted thorn and bramble which are usually the inaccessible nesting places of the snipe. There ought to be some show of early grazing by now, but nearly everywhere it is the same, marsh and meadow alike are needing rain.

The effect on the bird life is marked, for it affects them in two ways. There is far less cover than usual for their nests,



S. Crook.

A PAIR OF SNIPE

Copyright.



ENTER, THE LAPWING.

and the drying up of big areas of water meadow concentrates them in the restricted areas of swamp where there is still plenty of water. These are the feeding grounds as well as nesting grounds, and there is already a great deal of jealousy and competition for special stretches of territory. Three or four pairs of snipe are crowding into a patch of good, rich worming ground hardly more than an acre in extent, and there is a good deal of protest from some redshank with priority claims. Even the lapwings seem to be more in evidence on the marsh than on the upland meadows, where they usually nest, and it is obvious that a good downpour and warm weather are needed to reduce the pressure of worm and snail shortage.

The male plover in his spring plumage is an astonishingly beautiful bird, and when you see him in clear sunshine doing sentry go on a convenient tussock you feel that he knows what a gallant fellow he is. There is a nest somewhere about, and he is so pleased with his prospective mate and life in general that up he goes in a rollicking, ecstatic display flight of sheer joy, gliding and rolling from side to side in the air so that the wind echoes from his powerful pinions with a glorious sustained beat note, one of the great dominant spring noises of the marsh.

For all his absorption in his love affairs, the plover is a wary bird. Enter the marsh afoot and he will keep a long measure of distance, but ride in on horseback and you may come

within a few yards. Yet later, when the nestlings are about, he will almost drive you from them and swoop at your head.

Beautiful as the great ecstatic curves of the plover's display flight are, it is doubtful if they can compare for interest with the drumming of the snipe. In a week or two they will all be at it, and then an idle hour or two simply spent watching and listening to the birds is pure delight.

The snipe both drum until family cares claim the lady, but it is a great thing to see. Up they go like speed planes, round in a great circle, then back almost over the selected nesting ground, and then a quick turn and a swift rigid swoop to the ground, a headlong, sharp-angled dive rather than fall or flight. The bird seems to bleat with the high nasal voice of a tethered goat, but this is not a vocal sound, but a feather sound, made, in the main, by the exterior tail feathers vibrating as the bird shoots down. There have been doughty battles between bird experts concerning this particular noise. It is possible that the very last word has not yet been said, and that the "tail only" party may yet be hard pressed by "tail feathers with wings acting as sounding boards" partisans. This may or may not be important, but, anyway, it is a delightful noise and one of the most fascinating spring displays. Yet, common as snipe are (there is hardly a bit of quiet marsh anywhere where they do not breed, and they are plentiful on lots of commons), few people actually take the trouble to go and see them drumming.



S Crook.

DUNLIN AT THEIR FEEDING GROUND.

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THE REED-BUNTING AT NEST.



S. Crook

THE REDSHANK BROODING.

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Yet it is well worth doing. Once upon a time there was another jolly show—that of the ruffs and reeves and their preposterous mock battles. You can no longer see it in the wild, but it is a spring feature at the Zoo.

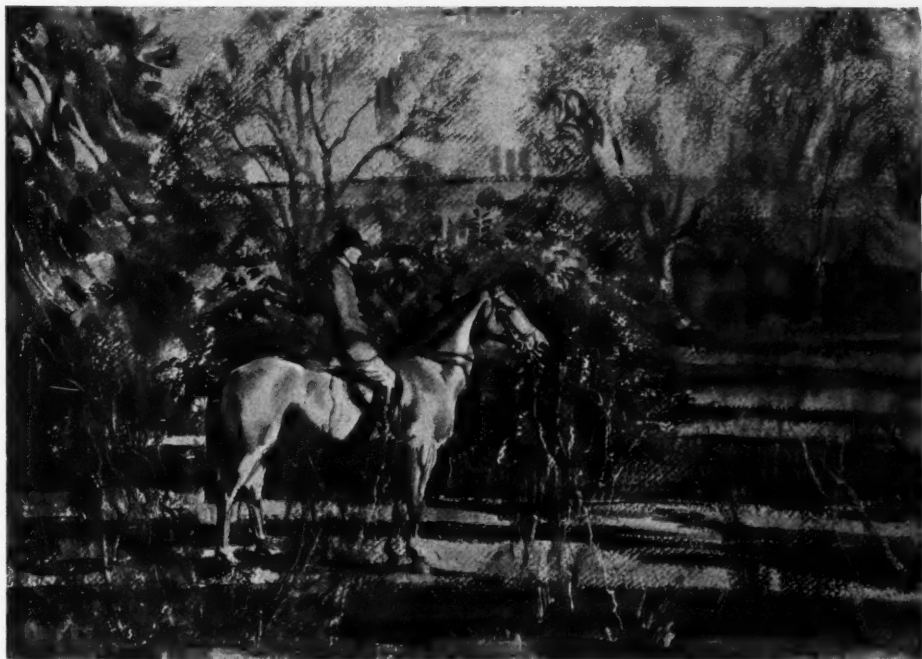
The redshank is a noisy vulgarian compared with the dapper lapwing and the crazy snipe. An alarmist of the worst kind, he shrieks at the sight of you, and not a bird or beast on the marsh can fail to hear the alarm. As the nesting season advances the timorous redshank becomes brazenly bold. He will poise to swear at you, dart and circle screaming round your head, and generally order you off the premises. Shank, as a whole, keep fairly close to the sea, but one sometimes comes across them nesting on an inland marsh or moor.

Most of the little birds that winter along the coast fly overseas to Scandinavia and Siberia to breed: but the dunlin, or, rather, some of the dunlin, breed in the marshlands and moors of our own North Country. Like the curlew, they seldom seem to nest far south of Yorkshire. The waders are the most important population of the marsh, but there are small birds too, the little reed buntings and the shy warblers, the swifts swooping down for mud for their masonry beneath the farmhouse eaves, and always the air full of a clamour of larks. If there is water enough there are probably ducks, but, as a rule, the first you will see of them is the downy family floating cork-buoyant round the mother duck.

Lastly, despite all this wealth of bird life, how seldom you find a nest by accident, and how baffling it is to find one by search. Without field glasses it is often difficult to mark down a nest. The eggs lie invisible in the trodden rough of the marsh tussocks, and until you get used to it you may gaze unseeing at a nest within a yard of you. Difficult as it is to see eggs, go back in a month and try to find some of the nestlings: it is a lesson in the real mangle of invisibility. They will crouch immovable, flattened out among the grass, and the parent birds will do everything they can to distract you. If you do collect one of the youngsters in your hat, you will have no difficulty at all in understanding vaguely, if not in detail, what the parent birds are saying to you. The mother redshank has a spluttering command of the finest bird Billingsgate to be heard. Finally, when you put the little one down again and let it scurgle away into the grass, you will see the parents alight again—after they have seen you to a safe distance. Does the mother then display solicitude for her captured darling—does she give minatory instruction to the young and rub in the moral lesson? Apparently not: the danger past, she seems to have forgotten the whole affair, and resumes at once, unruffled and unperturbed, the burden of her matrimonial cares.

H. B. C. P.

"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS—"



"THE WHIP."

OF all sporting artists of to-day Mr. Munnings is surely *the* master of that art which can bring a horse out looking, in stable language, a perfect picture. With his studio of the open air, and "the line of most resistance" for his motto, Mr. Munnings has from time to time shown us many another picture—of horses in war and pigs in metaphorical clover, of gipsies and gipsy ponies, all alive and bustling. But the pictures which we have come to look for first when we go to see Mr. Munnings are the pictures of blood horses in the bloom and glow of health and sport.

Mr. Munnings has five such perfect pictures in the 1929 Exhibition of the Royal Water Colour Society at 5, Pall Mall East. And if "the splendour falls" on other places of those gallery walls, it falls nowhere more richly than where Mr. Munnings' pictures are set. Making neither odious nor inept comparison, we may say that there is always a special interest in viewing the pictures of an artist when set among those of his peers and associates. Those who go to Pall Mall to find Mr. Munnings and his horses will certainly want to stay for a time with other pictures. "The Wire Rope Walker" of Dame Laura Knight—that pale tight-rope dancer with neither bloom



"A LITTLE PIECE OF ENGLAND"

nor glow upon him, but a grim concentration in a walk of life where business slips are pardonable, but also liable to be fatal; "The Cloud" of Mr. Colin B. Phillip, which laughs as it passes "in thunder": these are but two of the two hundred pictures of this exhibition. Those who go to see Mr. Munnings and his horses will pause before these other pictures; but those who go to see the exhibition as a whole will come back, time after time, to the play of light and shadow among Mr. Munnings' horses.

For splendour, I think "The Blue Habit" must have pride of place. If there should seem to you something a little ungallant in a title of "Blue Habit" for the picture of a lady and her horse, yet you must admit that the beauty of colour in this picture makes no other title possible. Exhausting our politer vocabulary of synonyms for richness, we may say, in our rough, stable way, that the horse of the "Blue Habit" is a picture of spit and polish. That is true of all Mr. Munnings' horses except the "gipsy" ones, but the blue-tailed horse of this "Blue Habit" is turned out with a special polish. Here is

brings us home again. Now, the trouble about water-colour painting would seem to be that it "is or it isn't." When the artist paints in water-colours he can't indulge his fancies. His jockey must largely "stay put" when once he arrives in the paddock and the picture. On that is-or-isn't test "A Little Piece of England" triumphantly is. If one ear of the huntsman's horse (and the huntsman's hand on his horse's quarters) seems likely to attract, presently, the further attention of the artist—what attracts *our* attention is this light on a corner of England under that dark cloud sky. And if it is and isn't finds its way into the picture, that is chiefly and most satisfactorily by way of the hounds as they come to their huntsman. Is the whole of any of these hounds really in the picture at all? How many hounds are in the picture? Looking away from the picture, you could not tell us this. But you could tell us that this is the picture of a huntsman and his hounds, as you have it in mind, last seen from your library window, crossing the meadow below the house. And you will be glad to look again at "A Little Piece of England" remembering what it implies.



"CHANTILLY."

the bloom and glow of health and sport in the sunlight under the trees; here is fit horse and fit saddlery, supple, well cared for, immaculate.

"The Whip" on his punchy-necked horse standing at the edge of a morass seemed to me to make a less attractive picture. Or was it just that he made *too* perfect a picture, with that dark rhododendron of a bush for immediate background? When a whip sits his horse at the cover-side something is going to happen, and shortly. But what is going to happen in this picture? Is it only that the artist is going to say to the sitting whip that that will be enough for to-day?

Whether or not there is something of suspended animation about this *whip* and his horse, in the picture "Chantilly" all is life and movement. This bit-grinding, ear-flicking horse, these bandy-legged grooms and the busy but unflurried jockey all combine with the sunlight and the shadows to make an exhilarating picture and a picture of perfect health. If the dark background of "Chantilly" seems in itself to make this a picture of foreign parts, the light on "A Little Piece of England"

"Before the Gallop: Point to Point Horses" is the fifth of Mr. Munnings' paintings to be shown. Here we have a change of colour, and the "blues" which predominate the other four pictures give place to a richness of red. The bloom and the glow remain, and if a winding-up gallop is required to complete the preparation of these point to point horses, already we can see them striding along.

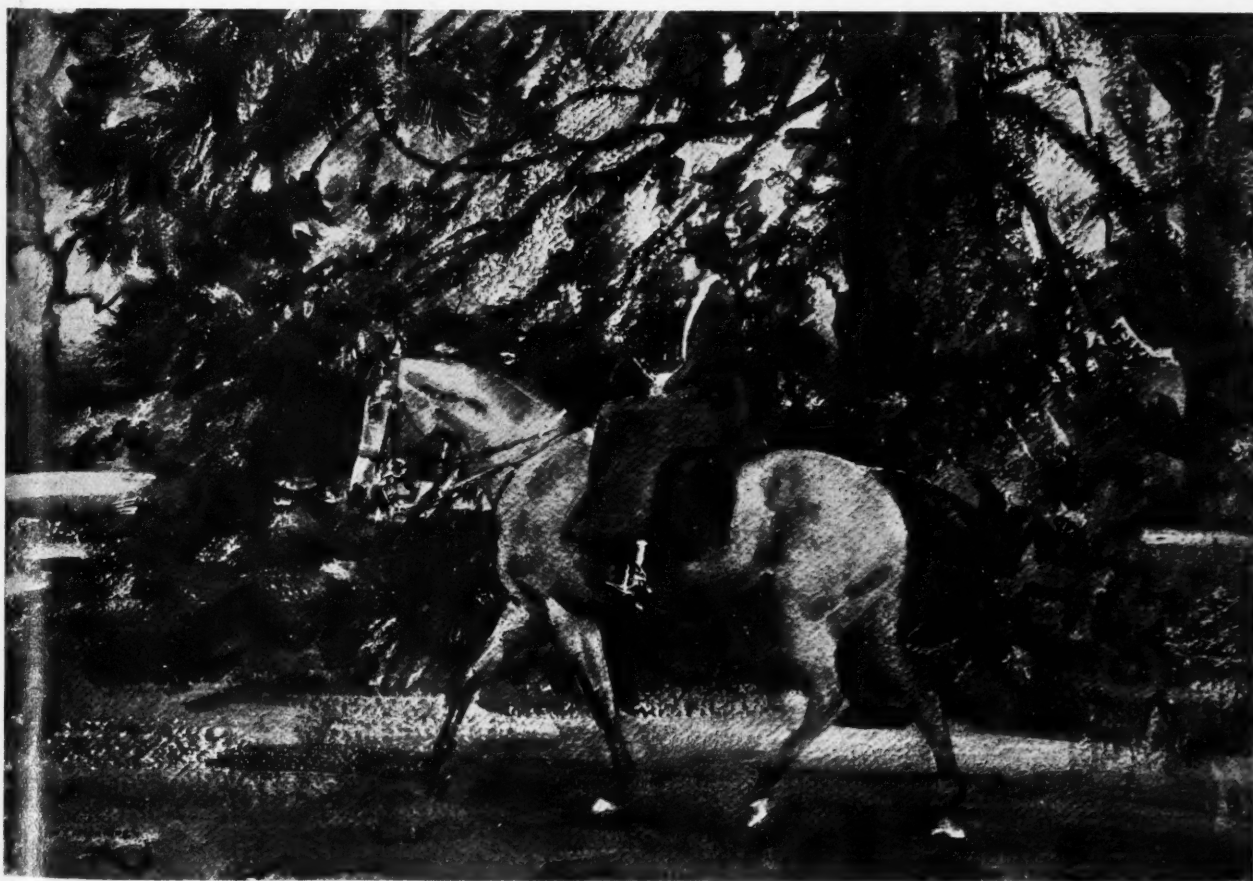
"His brilliant and facile brush"—that, I see, is part of what a critic of painting says about the Mr. Munnings of this exhibition. Facile? That must be one of the drawbacks to the attainment of genius—that everything which a genius does right seems so easy to the critic when the genius has done it.

I do not know whether, seeing these five pictures all of horse splendour, you will wish that Mr. Munnings had been represented, also, by some of his "Gipsy" paintings? They would have made, of course, a vivid contrast. For myself, I was well content to do without contrasts. It is a drab world. Let us be thankful to a Mr. Munnings who will show us something of its occasional splendours.

G. H. P. E.



"BEFORE THE GALLOP: POINT TO POINT HORSES."



"THE BLUE HABIT."

THE Universities of Oxford & Cambridge

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL

OXFORD—II.

The present Convocation House was added to the east end of the mediæval building, pursuant to Bodley's will, in 1634.

THE decision to enlarge the Divinity School and Duke Humphrey's library above it by adding a block at the east end was announced by Sir Thomas Bodley to James, the librarian, in a letter dated May 16th and belonging to 1610, as witness the reference to the Duke of Brunswick, who visited Oxford in that year. It says: "I have now resolved upon the enlargement of the Library, and to set it presently afoot, having therewith acquainted the

Vice Chancellor already, and in part agreed with Merton College Mason, who hath put me in good hope, that by Michaelmas come Twelvemonth the whole shall be finished." On July 19th the foundation stone was laid. Thus began the last important stage in the architectural history of this remarkable building, the stage in which it was to lose its external character as a free-standing block and survive only as an incident in one of those large monumentally planned architectural schemes

of which Ralph Symons' Great Court at Trinity and some of the great courtiers' houses, as Audley End or Hatfield, are the other contemporary examples, striking witnesses that "magnanimity" in architecture is not confined to the baroque period. Henceforward the interior of the Divinity School is, to put the best face on it, preserved like an antique curio in a suitably designed setting, for Bodley's earlier (1598) restoration of Duke Humphrey's library had been very thorough. How far the complete scheme, including the quadrangle and tower to the east and the Convocation House and Selden building to the west, was contemplated at this time we can hardly determine; but that it derives in its entirety from Sir Thomas Bodley and his architectural advisers is certain, for in the autumn of 1611 he writes to the Vice-Chancellor urging on the scheme of the quadrangle, and in his will (dated January, 1613) the western block is specified. One may hazard a guess as to the identity of his architectural advisers from his letters and the fact of his employment of John Acroyde, the Yorkshire master mason employed by Sir Henry Saville, the great scholar and Provost of Eton, on his new quadrangle at Merton. Acroyde and John Bentley, the masons, and Hall, the carpenter, were all from the neighbourhood of Halifax, Saville's home country. Acroyde is the Merton College mason of the letter quoted above. Merton was Bodley's own college, and Nathaniel Brent, also a fellow of that college and Saville's successor as warden, is constantly named in Bodley's letters in connection with the building. To these must be



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1.—FROM THE BODLEIAN QUADRANGLE.

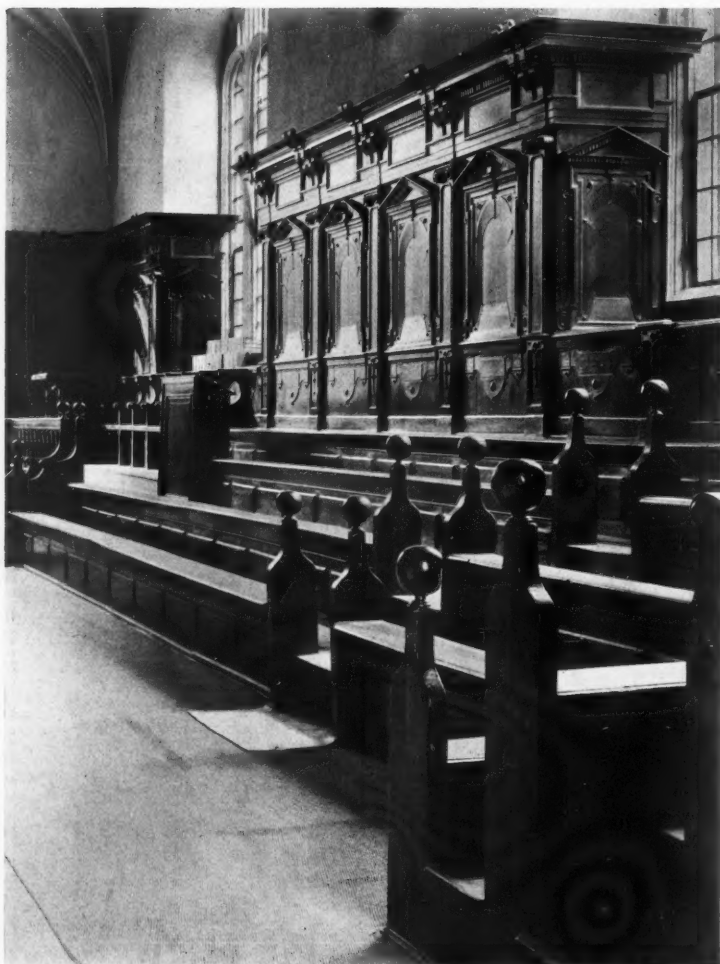
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE CHANCELLOR'S THRONE IN CONVOCATION HOUSE.
Woodwork probably by Thomas Mayo. Circa 1635.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3 AND 4.—DELIGHTFUL WOODWORK OF CHARLES I's TIME
IN CONVOCATION HOUSE.

added William Gent of Gloucester Hall, who appears most frequently of all in the correspondence. He is a rather mysterious figure, omitted from *Alumni Oxoniensis* and only known as the donor of many books on medicine to the library and the subject of the following rather ungracious comment by John Chamberlain on Bodley's will:

I cannot learn that he hath given anything, no not a good word, nor so much as named any old friend he hath begot. Mr Gent and Tom Allen; who like a couple of almsmen must have his best and second gown and his best and second cloak; but to cast a colour or shadow of something on Mr Gent, he says, he forgives him all he owed him, which Mr Gent protests to be never a penny.

If the whole scheme as devised by these men owes something of the logic of its monumental planning to Renaissance ideas of "magnanimity" in building, as the analogy with the great houses suggested above might imply, there is nothing in manner of the building itself that does not belong directly, and without tincture of revivalism, to the Perpendicular tradition. Even the idea of the vaulted proscholium (Fig. 8) set transverse to the axis of the Divinity School may be considered to derive from the almost standard Oxford planning of transeptal ante-chapels, as at New College, All Souls and Magdalen. The details of the bosses and pendants in the vault are indeed Renaissance, and a claim might be put forward that the purely decorative function of the pinnacles, crowning no justifying buttresses, is in essence of the new school, but hardly. The details of the door (Fig. 1), with Bodley's inscription, appear to be an addition of 1623, in which connection it is interesting to note a postscript to one of Bodley's letters: "I am told by some that the Form of the Door is much disliked of some. I pray you signify your own Opinion, and what is thought of the most judicious." It has been suggested that these Yorkshire masons were more old-fashioned and provincial than their fellows of the south, and certainly where John Acroyde did make use of the Classic Orders, in the frontispiece at Merton, he combined them with cusped panelling and other mediæval devices, showing more frankly than was usual in Jacobean building of pretension how he regarded them as merely another series of conceits that fashion had added to his decorative repertoire. Here is, indeed, that "busy Gothick Trifling with the Orders" of which Evelyn was to speak with such a scandalised voice in the latter part of the century. Of the success of Acroyde's work for Bodley one can hardly speak; there is a poverty of invention about the west side of the Bodleian quadrangle that is tedious enough, though, certainly, the vaulted passage is a fine effect.

To judge from Bodley's letters to James, the course of the building works did not run entirely smooth. In the autumn of 1610 there would seem to have been considerable trouble between Acroyde and Bentley, strangers from Yorkshire, and the local Oxford masons. In a letter dated November 30th, Bodley says:

Those misdemeanours of the Masons of Oxon . . . I hold myself assured of Mr Vice Chancellor and his Deputies Travels to inquire and to punish as the Offenders shall Merit;

and later, in April, 1611, of Acroyde and Bentley:

Albeit I make no doubt but they will be so diligent and provident, as there shall be no cause for their enemies the townsmen to insult as they did.

But difficulties were not confined to the jealousies of the local workpeople, Acroyde and Bentley themselves come in for a share of Bodley's displeasure, especially in the matter of the pointing and jointing of the ashlar. Acroyde is—

much to blame for his being away so long and I pray God Jo. Bentley keep touch in amending the building; where of I stand the more in doubt, for that I am informed, he maketh that which was naught a great deal worse, with his very unsightly daubing, which I trust Mr Brent or Mr Gent will cause him to forbear: or else I will forbear him his wages.

And the very next day after the foregoing was written is dated a long letter which well illustrates the relation between client and builder:

Though the Agreement with Jo Acroyde, require his Performance by Michaelmas, yet that should not hasten their

present Pointing of the Ashlar, if the season be not for it. For as they are Bound, to do their Work by a Day, so withal they are tied, to do it well and Workman like: and if their daubing should dislike me, at my coming to Oxon, I am fully persuaded, they can hardly so cleanse it, as I shall find it well amended. For to say, as methinks they do, that all is well done as the time of the Year would then afford, is still to accuse them selves, for that if they had told me, that the time of the Year, would not permit them, to do their work as had been fit, I would have expected a fitter Season. But these be lewd excuses, sith Wadham College Building was then begun, and well enough performed. . . . Truly, Jo. Acroyde cannot have more encouragement than he hath at my hands, and so I know Mr Bient, if you chance to talk with him, and John himself will confess. For if the Faults be not such, as the general voice will utterly dislike, I will swallow his Gnat with a very good will, and my Friends, whosoever shall not move me to the contrary. When I come, I will conclude, and I hope there is nothing, but will fall within the Compass of mine own simple Judgement, for the good or bad Performance, for which, if John were come you should have me shortly with you. . . .

There is a quality in all this which seems to bring us very near to understanding the terms on which mediæval building enterprises were conducted. We



5.—AN INNER PORCH.

do seem to catch a glimpse of the old patron, half-querulous, half-familiar and dependent on his "John," that does, indeed, shed some light on the relative meanings of "built" and "fieri fecit." There is another complaint of Bodley's in a very obscure passage which has given a *hapax legomenon* to the N.E.D.:

It puts me in a Dump, that my Mason having laid but one only course of Mulletted Work, he should complain so soon of the Badness of the Stone and unhandsoneness of the Work. Which methinks he should have found, before a whole course of his work had been laid.

The fact that "mulletted" occurs nowhere else in the English language leaves this detail of the building history unexplained. The suggestion that it derives from a heraldic term "mullet" and means five-pointed star shaped, by analogy with the rowel of a spur, does not help in identifying the part of the building indicated. But, after all, to anyone with a true feeling for letters a genuine *hapax legomenon*



6 AND 7.—DETAILS OF THE PANELLING BY MAYO OR RICHARDSON.

is worth half a dozen such remote points of architectural history.

So the great work went on, and to such difficulties as I have indicated money troubles were added. In October, 1611, we learn that—

Sir Thos: Bodley, the other day, notwithstanding his many sums of money now due, was fain to borrow upon bond, and after that to pawn and sell his plate for a few hundred pounds, to finish his last building of his library, which doth cost him in all £1200.

By 1612 all was done, and the following year a beginning was made of the quadrangle. But by this time Bodley himself was dead. He was shortly followed by the mason Acroyde,

Sir Kenelm Digby appear in the list. Great pains were taken with the design, a "Surveyor" was employed for "models" and the Royal Comptroller of the Works, Thomas Baldwin, was called in to advise. It is interesting to note Baldwin's appearance like this in connection with a building outside the purview of the Board of Works, for both the controllers under Wren, Talman and Vanbrugh, seem to have had considerably more private practice than their superior officer, who, in Baldwin's case, was, of course, Inigo Jones. Several tradesmen's names are recorded in the Vice-Chancellor's accounts for this new building. There are William Mason, Bromfield, Jackson and Thomas Mayo. Of these, Jackson is a well known name in



8.—THE PROSCHOLIUM ADDED BY SIR THOMAS BODLEY TO THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.
BEGUN 1610.

whose partner, Bentley, only survived him till 1615. And so when we come to the last phase of this great enterprise, for the middle one hardly concerns me here, we find the *personnel* of the work entirely altered. The idea of a western transverse block originated, it would seem, with Bodley, and is mentioned in his will. The building of this also necessitated the provision of new staircases to give access to the library, the existing stair towers in the quadrangle, for up to this time the original west front of the Divinity School, with its porch and stairs, was in use. In 1634 a start was made. The money had been raised by subscription, and the names of Lord Pembroke, Laud and

connection with Brasenose and other mid-seventeenth century building at Oxford; Mason built the curious vaults of this building, which are so like plaster, and yet are stone. They are, curiously, "Strawberry Hill" as compared with their predecessors of the proscholium or the staircase at Christchurch, which followed them in 1640. There is a reckoning paid to Mayo and Bromfield for the "seats of the Convocation House," and later to Thomas Richardson for wainscot in the "New Vestry," the rather more advanced work of the Apodyterium (Fig. 5) presumably. Bromfield seems to have been more of a carpenter than a joiner, and we may narrow down the

authorship of the delightful panelling and canopy work of the Convocation House itself to either Mayo or Richardson, but beyond this we can hardly go. And so this extraordinary complex of buildings was at last completed, though, aptly enough, it was reserved for Sir Christopher Wren himself to put the finishing touches by the introduction of the processional doorway on the axis of his new Sheldonian in 1669. Later, in 1700, he strengthened the buttresses on the south side where the wall was found to be inclining outwards.

And so there is here, combined into one curiously unified group, an epitome of the latter end of mediæval architectural art, and it is significant, I think, to note that the revivalistic quality appears first in the 1634 building. There seems more of a gap between the work of Acroyde and of Mayo than there is between Acroyde and Winchcombe and Orchard; the Convocation House vault seems to point very clearly to the future of Gothic architecture, and Wren's door, a not unsuccessful essay, confirms the impression.

GEOFFREY WEBB.

PLANTS FOR TROUT WATERS

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

SUFFICIENT aquatic vegetation is absolutely essential if trout are to grow and thrive really well. It is not, of course, that the fish actually feed on the plants themselves, for trout are not vegetarians, but they afford the necessary shelter in which those creatures so valuable for fish food can live and breed.

The three-pounder of Hampshire waters is akin to the fingerling of the moorland burns, but the former waxes fat and well, liking at a comparatively early age, while the latter remains small throughout life, just because of the presence of weeds, or the lack thereof, in the water.

The streams of the moors and mountains are subject to devastating spates. The torrent may rise 5ft. in an hour, and sweep down the channel with relentless might, uprooting every kind of vegetation, and scouring the river bed free from soil deposits in which plants might grow. Only such tenacious species as the great water moss, which clings to the larger rocks and stones, can exist permanently in such waters.

They are, therefore, in the main, poor in insect life, and the trout never attain more than very limited dimensions, except those which adopt cannibalism as a settled habit, and these are of but little use to the angler, for the only chance of catching them, except on a night line, is by spinning or worm fishing during a flood.

The chalk streams are, on the other hand, spring fed, and consequently not subject to the heavy floods experienced by rivers which rise among high-lying bogs, and have a very rapid fall. Their beds are not scoured periodically by spates, and so weeds are permitted to grow, with the result that they provide some of the finest trout fishing in the world.

In my district there are four rivers, all originally of the same type, rapid-running streams rising high up in the moors, and all subject to the typical spates of their kind. Years ago the headwaters of one were dammed to form a reservoir. A certain amount of compensation water is, of course, always allowed to run down into the river below the lake thus formed, but spates are practically eliminated. This stream, although it is the smallest of the four, now produces trout which average more than double the size of those in any of the other three, and they are, besides, a far better shape, shorter and thicker, just because weeds are now enabled to grow where hitherto this was impossible, and the food supply has consequently increased materially.

In another way plant life is beneficial to trout, and to, indeed, all other fish. The latter consume oxygen and return carbon; plants reverse the process, and so by putting the two together we avail ourselves of one of Nature's great universal agencies in balancing vital forces against each other, and maintaining the equilibrium on which the continuance of organic life depends.

Some plants produce more oxygen than others, and some afford more food and shelter for underwater life, crustacea, mollusca and other forms, and when an attempt is made to improve fishing by introducing aquatic vegetation, it is important that the best kinds only should be selected.

Water plants may be roughly divided into two classes, those which grow along the margins of water, and those which are completely submerged, and may be used for covering the bed of a lake or river. One of the best in the former class is the common water-cress (*Nasturtium officinale*), which provides most valuable shelter for trout fry, where they are quite safe from the raids of larger fish. Not only this, but the portion of a stream below a patch of water-cress is almost invariably the haunt of good trout, which thrive on the quantities of fresh water shrimps, snails and other fish food which is carried down by the stream from the breeding place in the cress bed.

Another very good marginal plant is the marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), the "King Cups" of the village children, which never reaches such proportions as to make it a nuisance in angling waters. A third is the water plantain (*Alisma plantago*), a hardy plant which does well in waters up to a foot or little more in depth, and is a favourite harbour for many of the creatures on which trout feed.

Of marginal plants which are both useful and ornamental, the iris family is one of the most important, especially the yellow

variety (*Iris pseud-acorus*). Grown on a steep bank with deep water below, its mass of semi-floating roots forms a shelter much appreciated by fish.

There are other growths which are useful, but those given are, perhaps, the best selection, although if shelter is required, or cover from behind which an angler may approach the water unseen, the claims of the bullrush (*Typha latifolia*) cannot be ignored.

Now we come to those plants which are wholly sub-aqueous, and here a careful selection is even more necessary than with those which grow along the banks, for the latter are easily controlled, whereas this is not always the case with the former. Very rank growing plants, and those which choke the water as they spread are to be avoided. Of this type is the *Elodra canadensis*, or American waterweed. It is a favourite in the aquarium on account of its rapid growth, and aerating properties, but it has probably ruined more fishings than any other plant. It will, however, only grow in more or less stagnant water.

There are some plants particularly suitable for covering the bottoms of ponds and lakes inasmuch that they only grow to a height of a few inches, and so can never interfere with fishing. One of these is the lakewort (*Littorella lacustris*), which spreads like a rich, grassy carpet over the whole of the area into which it is introduced, and forms a very valuable refuge for a host of tiny water creatures.

Second only to the above comes the water lobelia (*Lobelia Dortmanna*), which, with the exception of one long flower stem that rises above the surface, does not exceed a height of some zins. It is a favourite depository of the spawn of fresh-water crustacea.

The water starwort (*Callitriche verna*) is a useful species, for its large mass of roots is usually swarming with fresh-water shrimp, and it is for this reason one of the most commonly used plants for introducing into waters where the food supply is deficient, and it has the advantage of being easily transplanted.

For lakes, ponds or deepish streams the stonewort (*Chara flexilis*) and its several closely allied species are good. They spread rapidly and soon cover the bottom, and, as they do not grow to a greater height than some 2ft., do not interfere with angling. Such growths form a watery forest in the shelter of which trout food can increase and multiply.

Water-lilies are valuable in affording shade, and also harbour a certain amount of food, but they are inclined to choke up a stream, while the roots offer a hooked trout rather too certain a means of escape for the plant to be very much encouraged in fly fishing waters. Water lilies will only grow where there is a fair depth of good soil, and will not flourish in either rocky or sandy bottoms. This is also the case with some other plants, and the problem of improving the feeding in such streams, especially those with a rapid fall and subject to bad spates, is one of considerable difficulties.

Marginal plants, like water-cress, can be established, and, if sheltered from the force of spates until they have become well rooted, will do a great deal of good. The great water moss (*Fontinalis antipyretica*) is a very valuable growth for such streams, it being enabled to withstand the worst floods since it clings to the rocks themselves. It provides a certain amount of shelter for trout, and also harbours insect food, and is a great hunting ground of the dipper. It is best introduced either by planting stones on which it is already growing in barren stretches of the river, or else by fastening a stone to the root of a plant and pressing it into the bottom.

Some plants, like water crowfoot and milfoil, are useful in streams, but become perfect pests in ponds and other stagnant water, and so should not be introduced into rivers which flow into lakes.

Where the planting of water weeds can only be done on a limited scale it has been proved that the food supply of barren water can be appreciably increased in a very simple manner. Bundles of bracken or cut grass are made and securely anchored in bends and eddies where they are not very liable to be swept away. The decaying vegetation attracts insect life in the same way as do weeds, and in the shelter of the bundles they are enabled to live fairly secure from attack until they have had a chance to become well established.

WEST COUNTRY.

TRENCH LITERATURE

Red Cavalry, by I. Babel. (Knopf, 6s.)

The Fatalist at War, by Rudolf Binding. (George Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

A Soldier's Diary of the War. (Faber and Faber, 6s.)

Im Westen Nichts Neues, by Erich Maria Remarque. (Ullstein, Berlin, 6 marks.)

Undertones of War, by Edward Blunden. (Cobden Sanderson, 10s. 6d.)

IN the years that immediately followed the war it was the common habit to maintain that it was a theme too great for literature. It was observed with mild self-congratulation by those who had precipitated or permitted the enormous catastrophe, that Shakespeare himself would have faltered. To this period succeeded one of doubt, not of literature but of the War. Men began to wonder not whether it was too great, but too simply disgusting for treatment. Neither of these attitudes, however, prevented monarchs, statesmen, admirals, generals and administrators from modestly projecting their own personality into the foreground of the conflict. For them it was, like the Homeric battle, a war of heroes, with a dim background of perishing multitudes barely seen or heard. They were all Agamemnons, Hector and Alcibiades, and they all proved that, had what they so brilliantly advocated been properly attended to by the Parliaments, armies, navies, peoples and God, all would have been different. Never, it seems, have mankind had at their service such vision, courage, self-sacrifice, intellect, and never have they so shamelessly neglected to avail themselves of the treasures thus heaped on them. Such writers as Gilbert Frankau in the first period, at any rate, recognised this. Who will forget the moving spectacle of poker-faced generals pausing, on their way to a night club, to sob "The men! O God, the splendid men!" But even he realised that his art fell short of the greatness displayed in action by officers of the Guards who wore old Etonian ties during their leave.

But after these two periods a third has arrived in which the impossible is being quietly and relentlessly achieved. In the last few months a whole literature of exposure has come into permanent being, of which six books—two English, one American and three translations from the German—are typical. Sassoon, Blunden, E. E. Cummings, Von Unruh, Anton Zweig and Remarque have indicated that what paste-board intellect and emotion projected genius can dominate.

All these writers have one thing in common. They do not condemn, they do not judge, they describe. And their description is not primarily propaganda. Neither Sassoon nor Blunden sought to show how a poet was affected by war conditions. Nor do they denounce what they were called upon to endure, nor even to ask for sympathy. Cummings does not picture his own Titanic figure looming against a background of French civilian hysteria. He was only one living type in *The Enormous Room*. The Germans, it is true, present an abominable picture of death, dirt and the return of the beast. But even they are not arguing, or preaching. They are fulfilling the laws of art, which require that the author should be anonymous.

But now, when at last the welter is having a posthumous order imposed upon it, it is important to discriminate between three classes of war fiction or quasi-fiction. There is the first, to which the authors I have mentioned belong, of literature; there is the second, which is anti-war propaganda, meritorious but transitory; and there is the third, which (perhaps unconsciously) writes of horrors for horror's sake, thus touching something morbid and ugly in the public mind. In the second class Montague's *Fiery Particles* would, I think, ultimately find itself. In *Disenchantment* he wrote the first English essay in the class of literature. In that considerable book Montague began where Rupert Brooke began, with the trumpets pealing over the rich dead, and ended with Wilfred Owen's heart made great with shot. It was the long way to the Tipperary of damnation, but trodden without murmur or comment. But in *Fiery Particles* Montague was proving a case. He deliberately chose weaklings and rogues for characters here and there to emphasise the lesson. But the true conclusion is that war is abominable, not for the chances that it admittedly gives to all that is evil in men, but for the havoc it works upon all that is good. In the third class I should place the American war film "What Price Glory," the German autobiography *Prisoners All*, by Oskar Maria Graf, and Mr. F. H. Voigt's *Combed Out* (re-issued in a 3s. 6d. edition by Jonathan Cape). All these three were probably sincere in the detestation of what they

were presenting. But each dangerously touched that membrane in the mind which responds to brutality. In Plato's *Republic* there is a tale of a man passing a corpse by the wayside. His better self wishes to avoid the sight. But his worse wins and he turns crying to his eyes, "Look, you beasts!" So when the cinema audiences regard the exploits in hate and love of the American soldiers in the film, some at least must similarly have invoked their eyes. So the account of Graf in his garret with his miserable wife, and of the dressing station where the doctors haggle for an interesting head-wound in *Combed Out* arouse something of that disgraceful emotion provoked by the sight and, above all, by the sound of a dog fight. These things, as I see them, do not bring the Aristotelian purgation of fear and horror. Unintentionally, but still definitely, they admit the reluctant mind to hysteria. That is the road to Endor.

But, happily, the first class is being reinforced in nearly all countries. I have mentioned six books all of which repudiate war for ever merely by making it live again. There are others, though not of the same force and value as these. Two diaries—one English and one German—are on the border of this class, though neither, in fact, is worthy of a permanent place there. *A Soldier's Diary of the War*, with a preface by Mr. Williamson, is simple and at times poignant in its absence of emphasis. But the writer was at once too inarticulate and yet not primitive enough to make his casual entries in his diary ultimately significant. Rudolf Binding, on the other hand, the German author of *The Fatalist at War*, is too articulate, too consciously a spectator to convince us. But both books have the value of exhibiting the middle type of man exposed to the extreme of ugly aimlessness. The Russian Babel's *Red Cavalry*, perhaps, fits into this class, but in part objectively, not alone in itself, but as a warning. It is, without doubt, the ugliest book on the War that has been written, but equally certainly it is the work of a very considerable writer. The others in this category are (unconsciously or not) on the side of the angels. Babel is deliberately on the other side. Nevertheless, such a letter as that written by the boy describing with satisfaction the murder by his brother of their Menshevist father will remain for long as the last accusation of what war can make of men.

I have argued elsewhere in favour of the creation of an anti-war museum, one department of which should be literature. It would be divided into positive and negative sections. The positive would contain all books of every nation such as those in my first class. The negative would be enriched by all the protestations, self-glorifications and apologies of those who made the War. And no school or university curriculum would be complete in which knowledge of this subject did not form a prominent part.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

Saints and Scholars, by Stephen Gwynn. (Thornton Butterworth, 6s.)

HOW pleasant it is, and how rare, to come upon kindness in these days of destructive criticism. Mr. Gwynn is a kindly writer; his essays have about them that warmth of sympathy which can only proceed from a wise and therefore tolerant mind. Perhaps the title of his latest book does not sufficiently promise this sympathy, for saints and scholars are apt to be uncomfortably far outside the range of our ordinary experience. But labels are silly things, as Mr. Gwynn says in his foreword, and no label can diminish our interest in these studies of human endeavour and attainment. Mr. Gwynn has chosen for his subjects Charles de Foucauld, Henri Laperrine, Mark Pattison, John Gwynn, Sir J. P. Mahaffy, Michael Logue, Theobald Mathew, Asenath Nicholson, Walter Macdonald and Margaret Oliphant. It is not easy to narrow down the choice from such an unusual collection of personalities for the purposes of review, but none of the essays is richer in understanding than those on John Gwynn and Mrs. Oliphant, upon whose memory suffering bestowed a noble and tragic beauty. And what could be more admirable, more worthy of remembrance than the story of Charles de Foucauld, gentleman of France, soldier, explorer, Trappist monk and, finally, hermit and martyr among the Touaregs in the Sahara? Of him a French official report said "his reputation for sanctity, the cures of sick people which he has already accomplished, will do more to spread our influence and to rally men to our ideas than a permanent occupation of the country." Foucauld was, indeed, one of the glorious company. His friend General Laperrine was neither saint nor scholar, but he was of the same order of chivalry, and it is good to have Mr. Gwynn's record of this life unsparingly given for France. If these men in their sphere were remarkable, no less so was Mrs. Asenath Nicholson, a little American woman, who, on her own initiative in 1844, arrayed in bonnet and bearskin muff, with a parasol in one hand and a Bible in the other, became a missionary upon the roads of Ireland. The poor people took her for some holy St. Bridget going on penance: they danced for her and did her honour. In return she read the Bible to them, and stripped herself to the last penny in distributing relief during the Great Famine. A strange story, but not more strange than the amazing success of Father Mathew's temperance campaign, during which Roe, the great whisky distiller, sent him a large cheque, saying "No man has ever done me such harm, but it is a small thing beside the good you have done my country." That generous admission is an epitome of the purpose

behind these essays, for in his portrayal of diverse personalities Mr. Gwynn has consistently, though unobtrusively, borne witness to the fact that man is greater than his fate. Such a portrait gallery is worth having, and to it we may with gratitude make one addition, for Mr. Gwynn reveals himself, as a good essayist should, more fully than perhaps he realises in the charm and flexibility of his writing.

The Way of a Man with a Horse, by Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O. (The Lonsdale Library, Seely Service, 21s. net.)

THIS book is one of a series of volumes, written or contemplated, intended to bring knowledge of our sports and games up to date. It suffers from its form. It is a heavy book, the pages are too narrow, the headings and paragraphing do not make for easy reference, the (admirable) photographs are insecurely bound. Many of the photographs which illustrate points of comparison are not printed side by side, as they should be. It is true that, as Colonel Brooke's Foreword suggests, the chapters—or many of them—are inevitably the same old chapters: "The Horse" (complete with Xenophon and skeleton), "Stable Routine," "Jumping," "Riding to Hounds" and the rest. But, in fact, each chapter is packed with useful information—much of it given here for the first time in book form—and with information which, based on personal experience, is always authoritative. Both theory and practice are thoroughly up to date throughout, and it will be a thousand pities if tyro or expert, daunted by those drawbacks (and being twice told how to make a bran mash), should fight shy of a book which can tell each of them so much. The chapters on "Jumping Lessons," "Buying a Horse," "Difficult Horses" and "Racing Over Fences"—each of these has a freshness and originality. In the chapter on "Stable Knowledge and Routine" there is much definite and expert information which should be simply invaluable to tyros of to-day and of service to many an "expert." The so-called veterinary "Notes" are in reality four clearly written chapters on the symptoms, prevention and treatment of ailments. In a twenty-page chapter on "Polo Ponies" problems of both the pony and the game are clearly dealt with and answered. The fifteen pages of the pig-sticking chapter cover the whole ground most admirably and are vastly interesting. Of all the ninety photographs, there is not a bad one among them. C.

No Love, by David Garnett. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

MR. GARNETT has given us here a long novel of his later or "Go She Must" type, in fact, if anything, taking still a step farther away

from the fantasy of his earlier books. His extraordinarily detached manner has not changed with the change in his matter; he tells this long history of two households through two generations very much as he told "The Man in the Zoo." He writes beautifully, of course, and any picture he cares to show his readers gleams out with such a clearness that the very dews of morning seem to be upon it; but his manner has its drawbacks. For instance, when Roger Lydiate buys his son a slab of chocolate, the incident has the effect of a feeble joke; very often, too, it invests some trivial occurrence or speech with an importance which is never realised, and here it has not, as it had in the earlier books, the merit of making the incredible seem sober matter of fact. The first of the two households with which the story deals is that which springs from the marriage of Roger Lydiate, son of the Bishop of Warrington and himself once in holy orders, and Alice Cross, a delightful young atheist. They find a house on an island in the estuary of Chichester Harbour, and when their son is a little boy of five an accident brings Admiral Keltie, friend of Togo and "Jacky Fisher," to the island too. The Kelties' only child is a son, Simon, and Benedict Lydiate's sister being much older than himself, the boys are marked out as playmates for each other. The story thenceforth is chiefly the story of their lives; Simon's marriage, the war, Benedict's *liaison* with Simon's wife and her final desertion of them both. The argument of the book, if Mr. Garnett has proposed one to himself as his title suggests, is a little difficult to follow; Benedict seems satisfied that the failure of Simon's life arises from his lack of love, but Benedict himself seems to know very little about that emotion. Of physical love, of which Mr. Garnett writes in a singularly unpleasant fashion, they both have their share; and of the love which means loyalty, courage and kindness there is not very much in the story. And yet, when all is said and done, Mr. Garnett's literary craftsmanship is such that nothing better from that point of view has appeared among the books of this publishing season.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

ALFRED GILBERT, by Isabel McAllister (Black, £2 2s.); THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUSAMA, Broadway Mediaeval Library (Routledge, 12s. 6d.); THE BLOODY ASSIZE, by Sir Edward Parry (Benn, 21s.); THE THIRD ROUTE, by Philip Sassoon (Heinemann, 15s.). Fiction.—THE YOUNG MILLNER, by Aelfrida Tillyard. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); MR. RAM, by John Eyton (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.). Verse.—THE RAMBLING SAILOR, by Charlotte Mew (Poetry Bookshelf, 3s. 6d.).

A FIGHTING FUND TO PRESERVE ENGLAND

AN American, as appeared the other day in the *Times*, has realised what Englishmen still prefer not to, that the beauty of the countryside is doomed to destruction unless we, the educated and sensitive and lazy, organise to defend it. His fresh, transatlantic eye has seen that the nucleus of such organisation exists in the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and, simply "as a form of insurance" for the landscape that he loves (but, surely, no more than we do), he has paid the Council £1,000, and will pay another £9,000 if an equal amount is forthcoming from other subscribers. Thus anybody who gives quickly—within the three months that our champion allows—does literally give twice, for his donation will be automatically doubled.

What is this £20,000 (if it materialises) to do?

The C.P.R.E., which at present receives less than £1,400 from subscriptions, is primarily a Trade Union of all the groups concerned with the Appearance of England. Its work is behind the scenes, egging on Ministries to act firmly and intelligently, worming its way into the consciences of "big

business," educating, voicing the humble and meek beliefs of those who love beauty, and organising the educated in a hundred ways to circumvent the uneducated. It *does not* interfere with building and expansion. It *does* exert every sinew to direct expansion sanely.

To take a single instance, its offspring, the Thames Valley Branch, had procured the undertaking of riverside landowners to guarantee the river frontages against development. A few words . . . but what are they not worth?

Mr. Penrose sees England making the same mistakes in development that have gone far to make the American countryside uninhabitable: mistakes that Americans now realise and are trying at great cost to remedy. He sees that there is no cause why much of the countryside should be spoilt if only the voice of reason can make itself heard, and its suggestions be accepted. We all realise that, but do nothing about it. He, unlike us, understands that "adequate funds are *naturally* essential" to our union. They should be sent to the C.P.R.E., 17, Great Marlborough Street, where they will be doubled.



ARISH MELL, DORSET. FORGIVABLE AND UNFORGIVABLE INTRUSIONS.

The nearer house, of stone and stone tiles, harmonizes perfectly with the grand scene, the farther, of pink tiles and white paint, vulgarises it.

THE DE COSSON ARMOUR

THE Baron de Cosson, whose collection of armour is being sold at Sotheby's on May 14th, was endowed with the historic mind, a passion for accuracy and a great sense of the æsthetic. With these gifts it is not surprising that he became a discriminating collector. From his earliest days he made arms and armour his especial study. It is interesting to record that at the age of eight, about the year 1855, when playing with the grandson of the Duchesse de Berry at the Palazzo Vedramini, he noticed and never forgot seeing the celebrated helmet of Henry the Lion (Laking, *Record*, Vol. I, Fig. 60). In 1868 he attended the Etlinger sale of armour, when, with the help of Juste, the Paris dealer, he acquired a number of pieces, one of which will appear in the sale of his collection. The baron travelled widely and was well acquainted with nearly all the armour collections, public and private, in Europe. He knew and had known all the collectors of his time. All his life he stood unrivalled in his knowledge of the documentary history of armour, and it would have been difficult to find his equal as an all-round expert on ancient arms and armour. His knowledge of languages was thorough. He could write and speak with ease five tongues, and neither the deciphering of old scripts nor the reading of old forms of the languages gave him any difficulty.



I.—THE LATE BARON DE COSSON.

Strawberry Hill suit from the Crozat collection when it was being repaired by Grimshaw in Pratt's shop after it was damaged by fire, and again when it was Spitzer's and was being repaired a second time by Dournès. The catalogues of his sales in 1890 and 1893 of his own collection are valuable documents to any student of armour, and it was on these catalogues that the late Sir Guy Laking modelled those which he compiled for Christie's in later years. The baron's sales in 1890 and 1893 included 400 lots and realised for their owner a very large profit. Shortly before his death, on February 8th of this year, he had sent to Sotheby's for sale by auction all that was left of his collection, together with a catalogue compiled by himself. This collection is a small one and is chiefly remarkable for its armets and a very fine sallet. The word "armet," of French origin, is a name given nowadays to a headpiece very popular in the last half of the fifteenth century. The long and detailed descriptions of armets forming the subject of Chapter II in Vol. II of Laking's *Record* were largely taken from notes supplied to Laking by the Baron de Cosson. The latest contribution to the subject is a paper by Count Oswald Trapp, entitled "Zur Entwicklung der 'Armet-Helme,'" in Vol. X of the *Zeitschrift für historische Waffen-Kunde* (page 25). Armets



2.—A SPANISH ARMET, LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



3.—A VERY EARLY ITALIAN ARMET, c. 1440.

If to these acquired gifts we add his respect for accurate quotation from original sources and his contempt for someone else's quotation, we shall understand why everything which he wrote was so greatly appreciated.

The Baron de Cosson had had the opportunities of examining most of the important pieces of armour which have come into the market during his long life. He saw the great helm of John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, when it was first offered for sale in Wardour Street and when the arms of de Vere and the large O were still to be seen painted upon it. It was he who identified the elbow pieces by Negroli and the casque by Caremolo di Mondrone belonging to the suits of Charles V at Madrid. He remembered the

are rare and are gradually being bought up by public museums. The armet (Fig. 2) which came

from the Ossuna armoury (the Ossuna family were the descendants of the Duque del Infantado) is probably referred to in the Inventory of 1623, reprinted in Vol. 79 of the *Documentos Inéditos para la historia de España*. The gem of the collection is the piece shown in Fig. 3. This piece is by the armourer "Leonardo," of whom nothing is known, and the late owner considered that its date was about 1440. It is a unique example, in that all the other existing specimens of the same form have lost their visors. Not so rare a piece, but extremely fine, is the salade ascribed in the catalogue to the Kolman family (Fig. 4).

The bevor (Lot 133), it is gathered from the wording of



4.—SALADE, GERMAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



5.—A GROUP OF SWORDS, MOSTLY ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



6.—CHASED SILVER HILT OF A SWORD, MADE BY CLAUDE SAVIGNY, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the catalogue, comes from the Madrid Armoury and is described as being included in the first drawing of the *Inventario Iluminado* of Charles V, now preserved in Madrid. If this drawing be examined, it will be seen that not a single one of the bevors illustrated resembles the one now offered for sale. Of the swords, the Milanese sword, early sixteenth century, is, perhaps, the most interesting (Fig. 5, second from the left). That made for the "Council of Ten" (on the right of Fig. 5) has an especial historical attraction. The rapiers in Lots 39 and 50, and that by Claude

Savigny in Lot 52 (Fig. 6) are examples of the finest workmanship. The collection is a remarkable one. There is nothing in it which is not good and genuine. Many will remember it when it was beautifully arranged amid the books and *objets d'art* in the Baron's study in the Via Ghibellina, Florence. It is sad to think that, when at last he decided to part with his collection, he died on the very day on which it arrived in London for sale. The portrait which is here reproduced shows the baron fondly cherishing one of his favourite armets (Lot 129) illustrated in Fig. 2.

AT THE THEATRE

A MIXED BAG

THE week has been a full one, and it is a rather jaded critic who takes his pen in hand to discuss it. First in order of importance is the new play at the little Ambassadors' Theatre. This is called "Rope," and it is, in my opinion, a very fine thriller, for the simple reason that it really does thrill. "This is making me ill," said, after the second act, a young man in the row behind me, adding, "I shan't come back." His friend, also young, protested that one should be made of sterner stuff. He certainly remained. It is proper to relate here that "Rope" is all about two young men, called Brandon and Granillo, who, modelling themselves upon the two young Americans who murdered a taxi-driver, strangle a youth and put the body in a chest. This done they invite their victim's relatives to partake of a banquet spread out upon the chest, the notion being to spur the jaded senses through terror. Let me say at once that this is horrible. But then, is it not rather an agreeable change to cover one's eyes before the theatrical representation of the horrid thing instead of politely putting up a hand to conceal the yawns induced by plays which profess to shock and do not? To crane one's neck to gaze upon a street accident may be, probably is, a highly reprehensible proceeding. But the man who cranes and finds that all the crowd is looking at is a hawker showing off a new toy—such a one must, I submit, confess himself either disappointed or a thorough-going hypocrite. As to the propriety of making a stage-play out of an actual crime, let me say that anybody anxious to justify such a proceeding will find all the support he needs in De Quincey. "Everything in the world has two handles," wrote the famous essayist in that extraordinary lark, *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*. "Murder, for instance, may be laid hold of by its moral handle (as it generally is in the pulpit, and at the Old Bailey); and that, I confess, is its weak side; or it may also be treated *aesthetically*, as the Germans call it—that is, in relation to good taste." I have called this essay a lark, and a lark it is. But "Rope" is not a lark, any more than "Macbeth" is; and I willingly confess that there the resemblance between the two plays comes to an end. My own feeling about "Rope"—which, by the way, is by Mr. Patrick Hamilton—is that I enjoyed every moment of it, though I am not quite sure whether I approve of myself for having enjoyed it. Anyhow, the piece was capitally played. There is an aesthete-detective in the play who ultimately brings the

scoundrels to justice. This part was brilliantly acted by Mr. Ernest Milton. Even those critics who deplore Mr. Milton's addictions to mock emperors have never suggested that he is a mock actor. On the contrary. And though only the lower slopes of this actor's talent are revealed by this play, they show something of the size of that talent. Mr. Brian Aherne played Brandon probably as well as his personality permitted. But it was always obvious that Mr. Aherne was no murderer, but a thoroughly decent young Englishman, probably a Rugger blue. The part should be played with, just as some people live on, the nerves. Mr. Sebastian Shaw, who first created the rôle, held us throughout with the glittering eye of a youthful mariner old in sin and that general air of criminal gusto which connotes your true decadent. Mr. Shaw is, however, engaged in "The Secret Flame," in which he plays a normal scoundrel certainly not better than, and perhaps not so well as, Mr. Aherne would contrive. This being so, the absence of theatrical elasticity in these matters is to be deplored. One noticed the same thing in connection with the appearance of Miss Alex Frizell in the part of the unbalanced lady in which Miss Ruth Taylor scored so signally. Miss Frizell, brilliant character-actress though she is, could do no more than accurately reproduce hen-wittedness. Whereas Miss Taylor simply came on to the stage and made effortless presentment of the clucking goddess. Mr. Hamilton has an agreeable knack of making his characters talk naturally, and I only detected two blemishes. Brandon says: "I was chiding Granillo for his remissness!" and Granillo alludes to "the spectacle of you and I packing suit-cases." May I suggest that neither young man, being what Lady Bracknell called an Oxonian, would talk like that?

"The Garey Divorce Case," by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, was first produced at the "Q" Theatre under the title of "The Yorick Hotel Case." The Yorick is alleged to be a hotel in Jermyn Street, and the play turns on a husband in Paris, a lover present in Mayfair, a latch-key mislaid, a wife locked out, a lover thwarted, a wife disbelieved, and the whole caboodle of

O, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!

—which quotation, by the way, I am always enormously astonished to discover occurs in *Marmion*. Miss Isabel Jeans acted very well indeed throughout the whole play. Her art is brittle, almost glass-like, the glass being kin to the refined table-ware

of Lalique. The point of the play is that, in the witness-box in the Divorce Court, Mrs. Garey, who has been badgered out of her life by counsel, at last throws up the sponge. "Have it your own way!" she cries. "I'm guilty!" Whereupon the jury promptly disbelieve her and return a verdict in her favour! Certainly "The Garey Divorce Case" is "a good play" as that phrase was understood by earlier generations of playgoers. Perhaps the still young Mr. Pinero held the phrase to mean more when he sat down to write "The Benefit of the Doubt." But that is very nearly this writer's best play and, to put it shortly, counsels of perfection are as useless as comparisons are odious. Considered by itself and without reference to masterpieces, Mr. Wakefield's play proved to be a very satisfying entertainment.

Dyall's Bosola. I am afraid I did not care very greatly for "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," the new farce at the New Theatre, by Messrs. Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse. This is much too easily put together, and is the equivalent in comic form of those tragic tales beloved of the butcher-boy. This piece cannot be acted because it is in essence unactable. All it calls for is high spirits, and a large company, including Mr. Henry Kendall and Miss Clarice Hardwicke, supply these abundantly. The week came to an end with "Coo-ee," an unpretentious little revue, which received cordial welcome from the always appreciative audience at the charming, cosy Vaudeville Theatre. And now we are all bracing ourselves up for the intellectual ardours of Miss Clemence Dane's new play, "Mariners." Let us



Dorothy Wilding.

MISS ISABEL JEANS.

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The Court Theatre has not been too lucky lately, and it is to be hoped that it will now have a long run of success.

Another new piece is Lucien Besnard's quite preposterous Oriental drama, "The Shadow of the East," which Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vernon have, for some extraordinary reason, deemed worth translating. This is a story of Eastern vengeance on the lines of "Mr. Wu" and "A Chinese Bungalow," and not nearly so good as either. In fact, I ventured to think the whole thing almost childishly inept. I wonder when we shall get a play of which the setting is east of Suez and the plot does not deal with the steps taken by some rajah, amir or mandarin to avenge the betrayal of his honour. Mr. Franklin Dyall is the bright particular star of this venture, which I ought to say is taking place at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Dyall is a first-rate actor, as everybody knows who remembers his fine performance in "White Cargo." But he has fallen too much into the habit, may I respectfully say, of appearing in plays quite unworthy of his talent. Webster and "The Duchess of Malfi" are not the fashion to-day. But I would go a long way to see Mr.

hope that this distinguished writer will prove to have returned to the form she showed in "A Bill of Divorcement"!

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

PORGY.—*His Majesty's.*

"'Tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half like brutes, and then endeavour to make them so."—*Laurence Sterne to Ignatius Sancho, 1766.*

THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL.—*Hippodrome.*

"Such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense."—*Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, 1749.*

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP!—*New.*

"Have you no better wool than this?"—*William Cowper to Mrs. Newton, 1784.*

AREN'T WE ALL?—*Fortune.*

"Few people of sense will turn their back upon a woman of wit."—*Colley Cibber to Mrs. Pilkington, 1747.*

THE IVORY DOOR.—*Haymarket.*

"The evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade, till past eleven."—*Mrs. Hannah More to Mrs. Groatkia, 1781.*

"COUNTRY LIFE" PUBLIC SCHOOLS



MINIATURE-RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP

RESULTS AND ANALYSES OF THIS YEAR'S
SHOOTING.



HERE is little doubt that this year's competition took place under conditions of singular difficulty. Many schools have outdoor ranges, and the bitter spell of winter which lasted from February into March interfered very seriously with the necessary practice and training. In addition to this, it was a bad influenza year, and many teams suffered the temporary loss of useful members. Despite these formidable difficulties, the number of schools entering was higher than ever, and the number who actually shot is only two below last year's total.

The shooting of the leading schools in both classes shows an astonishingly high standard of all-round proficiency; as well as some extremely good individual scores, the general average of the majority is very well maintained, and the lower scores show that the tail, taken as a whole, is shooting very much better than of old. Direct comparison with past scores over a series of years is not possible, for the BISLEY "TIN HAT" TARGET was altered in accordance with the new regulations and is a reduced version of the official N.R.A. 200yds. "Tin Hat" which will be used at Bisley for the season of 1929, in place of that used last year. These variations of the target dimensions affect the scoring, and the target used at Bisley last year was criticised on the ground that the large inner zone disproportionately aided the second-class shot. This year's modifications are that the bull has been very slightly decreased, while the inner remains unchanged, but the magpie ring has been very much extended. This new target seems, on the whole, rather better proportioned, but its real virtues or defects will not be known till the end of the year, when it will either be again modified or adopted without change for next season. The great majority of the teams in the COUNTRY LIFE Miniature Competition compete later on at Bisley in the Ashburton Shield, the COUNTRY LIFE Cup and other full range events. It is, therefore, important that the reduced target used for miniature practice should be the same in proportion as the one which they will meet on the full ranges later on.

THE LANDSCAPE TARGET for 1929, "The River," has not, apparently, proved to be more difficult than last year's, and the scores are in very much the same relation. A few team leaders, unfortunately, seem to have found some difficulty in picking up the dotted circle which marks the aiming point on the crest of the bluff overhanging the river. This particular position afforded relatively simple fire directions and was meant to be an easy one; but the circle, being against a dark background, proved, when printed, to be much harder to see than had been anticipated when the card was marked. In future, this masking effect of the background will be taken into account, for, though some schools have very perfect miniature ranges and equipment, others are less fortunate, and an indifferent light is a very material handicap to the team leader.

A survey of all the good and fairly good landscape targets shot in the competition would, one would think, give one some kind of an idea what particular pitfalls had beset the average team. One should, one feels, be able to pick out the source of error. Actually it is very difficult to find any particular uniformity of error except where a fire direction has been wrongly given or wrongly interpreted, and one can see that in several cases the wrong house or tree, or whatever salient feature it may be, has been taken and the six shots are logically and neatly grouped. Many of the targets show a condition of considerable confusion, much as if the marksman, undecided which really was the place to shoot at, had divided his attention very equally between his two selections. Others show a good performance on two circles and a completely incomprehensible breakdown on two others.

There is admittedly a certain element of luck in this particular feature of the competition, and nothing is sadder than to see a team which has done very well in the previous series go down because its groups on the landscape are just outside the scoring rings. It is, one feels, astonishingly bad luck. Against this must be set the fact that the teams who win do so more by really hard work than any favour of fortune. It is the snap-shooting and the landscape which really begin to sort out not only the shooting but the training.

The Class "A" Cup has been won this year by Gresham's School (first team) with the very fine total of 924 points. They were third last year, and they most certainly deserve their win, for they have improved their position in the list every year since 1925. They lead by no fewer than twenty-four points. This is

phenomenal, for it is rare for the winners to lead by as much as five points. Of this total lead only ten extra points were picked up on the landscape, and it is due to an astonishingly high level of performance by all the members of the team in all the series.

Brighton College (first team) is second in Class "A" with 900 points, and Radley College a very close third with 897.

The Class "B" Cup is confined to schools having less than one company and two platoons of infantry. That is to say, it is restricted to schools with a numerically smaller O.T.C. contingent, but the competition is otherwise precisely similar in all respects to the Class "A." It has been won again by the Royal Grammar School, Guildford, with the very fine score of 911 points, an improvement on their winning score last year. The Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, is second with 853 points; and Louth School is third with 838 points. These performances are very creditable indeed, for the Class "B" schools have, of necessity, a smaller number of boys from which to select their teams.

The bronze medals for the highest second team score go to Harrow School (second team) with a score of 815 points.

The full scores for the two cups are as follows:

CLASS "A" CUP.

(Schools with one company and two platoons or over.)

	Group- inj.	Rapid.	Snap- shooting.	Land- scape.	Total.
1 GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team ..	70	344	200	310	924
2 BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team ..	67	338	195	300	900
3 RADLEY COLLEGE ..	60	337	200	300	897
4 MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team ..	65	327	175	290	857
5 ARDINGLY COLLEGE ..	75	325	195	260	855
6 WREKIN COLLEGE ..	70	320	195	260	845
7 REPTON SCHOOL, 1st team ..	75	331	170	265	841
8 TRENT COLLEGE ..	70	319	145	305	839
9 ALDENHAM SCHOOL ..	67	309	190	270	836
10 CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	80	340	195	210	825
11 ALLEYN'S SCHOOL, 1st team ..	65	314	195	250	824
12 ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, 1st team ..	60	332	185	245	822
13 HARROW SCHOOL, 1st team ..	70	336	190	225	821
14 SEDBERGH SCHOOL ..	65	310	185	260	820
15 EPSOM COLLEGE, 1st team ..	70	324	180	245	819
16 HARROW SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	70	320	185	240	815
17 DOVER COLLEGE ..	65	319	140	290	814
18 GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	45	306	160	295	806
19 ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team ..	60	341	185	215	801
20 OUNDLE SCHOOL ..	65	314	190	230	799
21 GLASGOW ACADEMY, 1st team ..	70	323	145	260	798
22 AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE ..	60	292	150	295	797
23 DULWICH COLLEGE ..	57	292	165	275	789
24 WORKSOP COLLEGE ..	65	308	185	225	783
25 WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1st team ..	65	320	175	215	775
26 REPTON SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	50	297	155	270	772
27 ST. BEES SCHOOL, 1st team ..	65	297	145	260	767
28 ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE, 1st team ..	60	332	190	170	752
29 CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ..	65	309	170	205	749
30 ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL ..	65	318	185	180	748
31 SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	62	298	180	205	745
32 MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	65	304	160	215	744
33 ALLEYN'S SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	45	297	165	230	737
34 BROMSGROVE SCHOOL ..	62	299	155	220	736
35 WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	70	321	175	170	736
36 EMANUEL SCHOOL ..	46	288	160	240	734
37 BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL ..	57	321	175	180	733
38 FELSTED SCHOOL, 1st team ..	57	314	145	215	731
39 KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON, 1st team ..	70	315	155	185	725
40 BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	60	295	150	215	720
41 READING SCHOOL ..	55	282	145	235	717
42 RUGBY SCHOOL, 1st team ..	55	320	165	175	715
43 STONYHURST COLLEGE ..	44	296	165	200	705
44 BRADFORD COLLEGE ..	65	320	180	140	705
45 TAUNTON SCHOOL ..	52	269	150	230	701
46 MERCHISTON CASTLE SCHOOL ..	50	288	140	220	698
47 CRANLEIGH SCHOOL ..	55	311	165	165	696
48 EDINBURGH ACADEMY ..	70	296	150	175	691
49 CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	55	299	150	185	689
50 ROSSALL SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	70	264	145	200	679
51 HURSTPIERPOINT COLLEGE ..	60	299	130	190	679
52 GLENALMOND TRINITY COLLEGE ..	55	263	105	255	678
53 SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	75	313	170	120	678
54 CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, 1st team ..	55	306	155	160	676
55 DENSTONE COLLEGE ..	39	276	150	210	675
56 MALVERN COLLEGE, 1st team ..	55	298	145	175	673
57 LANCING COLLEGE ..	70	307	170	125	672
58 ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	47	323	145	155	670
59 ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	55	292	160	160	667
60 TONBRIDGE SCHOOL ..	60	302	170	135	667
61 STOWE SCHOOL ..	67	308	125	165	665
62 SHREWSBURY SCHOOL ..	50	295	165	150	660
63 LEYS SCHOOL, 1st team ..	47	296	165	145	653
64 LEYS SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	44	265	150	185	644
65 ST. BEES SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	41	274	140	185	640
66 GLASGOW ACADEMY, 2nd team ..	55	250	110	220	635

		Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- shooting.	Land- scape.	Total.
67	WELLINGBOROUGH SCHOOL ..	65	295	130	130	620
*68	WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ..	57	302	160	100	619
69	UPPINGHAM SCHOOL ..	41	305	145	125	616
70	WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	55	292	165	100	612
*71	UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL ..	60	268	140	140	608
72	RUGBY SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	54	278	115	150	597
73	EPSOM COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	52	313	130	95	590
74	MALVERN COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	39	298	135	110	582
75	KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN	42	240	115	180	577
76	HIGHGATE SCHOOL ..	42	251	115	165	573
77	KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON, 2nd team ..	65	279	120	100	564
*78	BRISTOL GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	50	259	55	195	559
79	ST. DUNSTON'S COLLEGE ..	39	260	110	145	554
80	FELSTED SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	37	246	125	125	533
81	CHRIST'S HOSPITAL ..	60	287	105	80	532
82	PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	34	254	120	120	528
83	CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, 2nd team ..	60	259	120	60	499

* These teams shot at 20yds.

CLASS "B" CUP.

(Schools with less than one company and two platoons.)

		Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- shooting.	Land- scape.	Total.
1	ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	75	331	195	310	911
2	ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER	67	331	185	270	853
*3	LOUTH SCHOOL ..	65	343	195	235	838
4	MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL ..	52	311	180	260	803
*5	KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM	60	307	185	225	777
6	MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL ..	50	301	140	285	776
7	ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL ..	60	293	155	265	773
8	BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL ..	50	290	160	260	760
9	EXETER SCHOOL ..	75	313	165	205	758
10	LIVERPOOL COLLEGE ..	65	309	165	215	754
11	WANTAGE SCHOOL ..	57	304	160	230	751
12	WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL ..	45	292	180	210	727
13	ELIZABETH COLLEGE, GUERNSEY	45	264	135	270	714
14	BLOXHAM SCHOOL ..	47	287	180	200	714
15	FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE ..	52	289	170	200	711
16	NEWTON COLLEGE ..	55	313	160	180	708
17	GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL ..	42	278	165	220	705
*18	WEYMOUTH COLLEGE ..	50	311	135	200	690
19	WOODBIDGE SCHOOL ..	50	264	120	250	684
20	HERNE BAY COLLEGE ..	34	276	140	230	680
21	SKINNER'S SCHOOL ..	60	283	140	195	678
22	CAMPBELL COLLEGE, BELFAST ..	67	290	165	145	667
23	VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY ..	60	304	135	140	639
24	NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL ..	60	284	160	135	639
25	FOREST SCHOOL, WALTHAMSTOW	49	262	140	180	631
26	SIR ROGER MANWOOD'S SCHOOL	52	262	170	145	629
27	KING'S SCHOOL, BRUTON ..	42	284	145	155	626
28	SOLIHULL SCHOOL ..	45	257	130	190	622
29	OAKHAM SCHOOL ..	39	261	140	180	620
30	KELLY COLLEGE ..	55	286	165	100	606
31	ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WORCESTER	55	300	130	115	600
32	KING'S SCHOOL, WORCESTER ..	44	273	155	105	577
33	LORETTO SCHOOL ..	50	271	110	145	576
34	GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL ..	55	264	125	125	569
35	PERSE SCHOOL ..	39	247	115	145	546
36	BARNARD CASTLE SCHOOL ..	34	253	115	140	542
37	NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL ..	35	223	70	150	478
*38	ITSWICH SCHOOL ..	60	241	70	95	466
39	WARWICK SCHOOL ..	21	254	70	120	465
40	LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	39	264	100	60	463
41	DOLLAR ACADEMY ..	45	252	85	55	437

* These teams shot at 20yds.

The competition is decided by the aggregate, but it often follows that a team which does not achieve a leading position yet does extremely well in one or more of the series. The following analysis shows some scores of note:

CLASS "A" SCHOOLS.

GROUPING.					
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	80
ARDINGLY COLLEGE	75
REPTON SCHOOL, 1st team	75
SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 1st team	75
RAPID.					
GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team	344
ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team	341
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	340
BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team	338
RADLEY COLLEGE	337
HARROW SCHOOL, 1st team	336
SNAP.					
GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team	200
RADLEY COLLEGE	200
ALLEYN'S SCHOOL, 1st team	195
ARDINGLY COLLEGE	195
BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team	195
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	193
WREKIN COLLEGE	193
LANDSCAPE.					
GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team	310
TRENT COLLEGE	305
BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team	300
RADLEY COLLEGE	300

The Class "B" schools this year show results which are, when their smaller resources are considered, very fine indeed. Many of the schools have shown year by year consistent progress in each class and are going up in the list. This reflects the highest credit on their instructors, for it shows a steady improvement in the standard rather than a fortunate jump by an exceptional team.

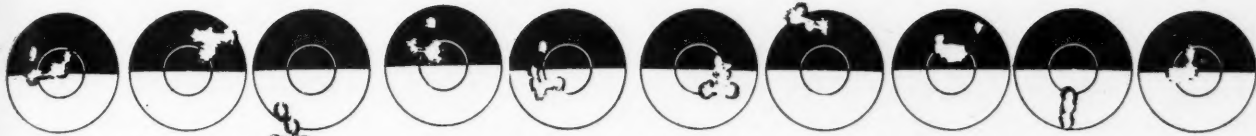
CLASS "B" SCHOOLS.

GROUPING.					
EXETER SCHOOL	75
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	75
CAMPBELL COLLEGE, BELFAST	67
LIVERPOOL COLLEGE	65
LOUTH SCHOOL	65
RAPID.					
LOUTH SCHOOL	343
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	331
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER	331
EXETER COLLEGE	343
NEWTON COLLEGE	343
SNAP.					
LOUTH SCHOOL	195
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	195
KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM	185
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER	185
LANDSCAPE.					
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	310
MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL	285
ELIZABETH COLLEGE, GUERNSEY	270
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER	270



THE BEST LANDSCAPE TARGET.

Gresham's School, winners of the Class A cup score 310 out of a possible 360.



T. M. Pattie. Allhallows. T. A. Stodart. Campbell College. T. F. Cooke. Stowe. R. A. J. Asher. Lancing. W. G. Delve. Taunton. J. R. Holland. Ardingly. A. P. Herbert. Sedbergh. E. R. W. Evans. Radley. J. G. Buxton. Harrow. H. Perring. Exeter.

GROUPING (FIVE SHOTS).



G. S. Whelan (Trent). T. O. Boulton (Rossall). W. G. Eaton (Lancaster). W. F. Jennings (Lancing). W. R. Tyler (Harrow).

RAPID (FIVE SHOTS ON EACH TWIN TARGET)



R. Cudwell. Louth. D. R. H. Jolly. Brighton. M. F. Scott. Harrow. J. M. Iliff. Sedbergh. P. Wilkins. Rossall. T. A. W. Moore. Epsom. W. G. Carter. Taunton. H. M. Sayers. Stonyhurst. H. S. Himsforth. Lancaster. L. C. Gutsell. Alleyn's.

SNAP-SHOOTING (FIVE SHOTS).

The winning teams last year both made a highest possible in grouping. This year both winners dropped a few points, and of the whole hundred and twenty-four teams shooting, Charterhouse (first team) was the only one to obtain a possible for grouping. This is unusual, but in this case significant of the influence of the change in target dimensions.

Gresham's and Radley's highest possibles for snap-shooting are very fine work indeed. When we consider the individual scores of the members of the winning teams, it is very remarkable what an astonishingly high level of consistency is reached. If one takes the average team it usually contains one star performer whose leading and individual score (excluding the landscape) is about 72 to 73 points, and it is probable that a figure of about 55 points represents individual average throughout the list. The winning teams average 76 and 75 points, a most formidable standard of proficiency if we consider that the pick of all the very best of marksmen from all the schools would only give us an average of 82.

Gresham's (first team) fine score of 614 (not counting landscape) is only surpassed by Charterhouse (first team), who beat them by one point. Unfortunately for the latter, they failed to retain this lead and dropped unduly heavily on the landscape despite their splendid showing in the other three classes.

SCORES OF THE WINNING TEAMS.

"A"

GRESHAM'S SCHOOL (1st team).

	Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- shooting.	Total.
SERGT. H. K. ASHBY	10	46	25	81
CADET G. C. MARSHALL	10	45	25	80
L.-CPL. G. W. HOLT	10	43	25	78
CADET A. M. A. BIRCH	10	43	25	78
CADET P. RENOLD	10	43	25	78
CADET P. M. GAME	10	41	25	76
CORPL. J. O. COLLIN	5	42	25	72
SERGT. F. J. A. CHASE	5	47	25	77
	70	344	200	614
		Landscape		310
Total				924

"B"

ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD.

	Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- shooting.	Total.
L.-CORPL. L. A. POWELL	10	46	25	81
CADET C. H. MORGAN	10	45	25	80
SERGT. A. F. HARPER	10	44	25	79
CADET J. E. MOOREY	10	42	25	77
SERGT. S. H. MUMFORD	10	39	25	74
L.-CPL. H. D. FUDGER	10	38	25	73
L.-CPL. J. C. TOWNSEND	5	39	25	69
L.-CPL. F. S. WICKS	10	38	20	68
	75	331	195	601
		Landscape		310
Total				911

The highest possible individual score in the aggregate of the three series—grouping, rapid and snap—is 85 points. No competitor actually attained this, but there were some extraordinarily good individual performances which show a very high standard of all-round proficiency. Not unnaturally, a number of these experts are in the leading teams, but others are in teams which have not done so well. The following have been selected for special mention:

L.-CPL. G. S. C. WHELAN, TRENT COLLEGE	83
C.-S.-M. W. R. TYLER, HARROW SCHOOL (1st team)	82

SERGT. W. R. H. W. CHAMBRE, BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team ..	82
CORPL. P. T. PETLEY, WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 2nd team ..	82
L.-CPL. W. F. JENNINGS, LANCING COLLEGE	82
L.-CPL. A. D. MELVILLE, CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	82
CADET P. P. VERNON, HARROW SCHOOL, 1st team	82
CADET J. E. B. HILL, CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	82
SERGT. H. K. ASHBY, GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team	81
SERGT. T. O. BOULTON, ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team	81
SERGT. W. H. B. WHEELER, DOVER COLLEGE	81
L.-CPL. A. D. HODGES, EPSOM COLLEGE, 1st team	81
CADET J. R. BEAN, AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE	81
CADET G. H. S. BROOKES, WREKIN COLLEGE	81
CADET L. A. GAMBLE, HARROW SCHOOL, 2nd team	81
PTE. G. L. H. HUDLESTON, RADLEY COLLEGE	81
PTE. C. A. O. MACLEAN, RADLEY COLLEGE	81
C. J. HAYES, ARDINGLY COLLEGE	81

CORPL. W. G. EATON, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER ..	82
CORPL. R. CAUDWELL, LOUTH SCHOOL	81
L.-CPL. L. A. POWELL, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	81
CADET P. SALTER, EXETER SCHOOL	81
CADET C. H. MORGAN, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	80
SERGT. A. F. HARPER, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	79
L.-CPL. J. SWABY, LOUTH SCHOOL	79
SERGT. N. N. TETT, EXETER SCHOOL	78
L.-CPL. G. E. BARKER, LOUTH SCHOOL	78
CADET K. A. PASCOE, EXETER SCHOOL	78
— EVANS, WANTAGE SCHOOL	78

The rapid fire series is one of the most difficult tests of the efficiency of team training, for it involves a good deal more than simple marksmanship. The target is a double one and the competitor must fire his ten shots in two groups of five, all in sixty seconds. The conditions make a considerable demand on the boy's control of his nerves as well as his rifle. He has to shoot accurately and quickly, and also remember to put five shots on each section of the target. It is, in a sense, a good test of training and fire discipline, and it is particularly trying to the boy who is inclined to get flurried under competition conditions. It has, however, very valuable characteristics, for it teaches quick shooting. One thinks of this COUNTRY LIFE Competition in terms of ranges and O.T.C. training, but many of the boys whose first lessons in the quick use of a rifle were when training for the competition are now out in the world overseas, and a very considerable amount of big-game must have been shot by men who first learnt to use a rifle at their schools. It has its very useful application in sport as well as its more serious place in the training of the citizen to bear arms. The highest possible score for this is 50 points. Excellent rapid fire scores were made by the following:

L.-CPL. G. S. C. WHELAN, TRENT COLLEGE	48
C.-S.-M. W. R. TYLER, HARROW SCHOOL, 1st team	47
SERGT. W. R. H. W. CHAMBRE, BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team ..	47
CORPL. P. T. PETLEY, WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 2nd team	47
L.-CPL. W. F. JENNINGS, LANCING COLLEGE	47
L.-CPL. A. D. MELVILLE, CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team ..	47
CADET J. E. B. HILL, CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	47
CADET P. P. VERNON, HARROW SCHOOL, 1st team	47
CADET-LT. R. E. ALLEN, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team ..	46
SERGT. H. K. ASHBY, GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, 1st team	46
SERGT. T. O. BOULTON, ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team	46
SERGT. N. R. JUNKISON, BRIGHTON COLLEGE, 1st team	46
SERGT. W. H. B. WHEELER, DOVER COLLEGE	46
L.-CPL. A. D. HODGES, EPSOM COLLEGE, 1st team	46
PTE. G. L. H. HUDLESTON, RADLEY COLLEGE	46
L.-CPL. J. W. PLACE, STONYHURST COLLEGE	46
L.-CPL. D. SCOTT, ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team	46
L.-CPL. W. T. C. SKRYME, RUGBY SCHOOL, 1st team	46
CADET J. R. BEAN, AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE	46
CADET G. H. S. BROOKES, WREKIN COLLEGE	46
CADET D. CAIN, ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, 1st team	46
CADET L. A. GAMBLE, HARROW SCHOOL, 2nd team	46
PTE. C. A. O. MACLEAN, RADLEY COLLEGE	46
C. J. HAYES, ARDINGLY COLLEGE	46

CORPL. W. G. EATON, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER ..	47
CORPL. R. CAUDWELL, LOUTH SCHOOL ..	46
CORPL. J. G. WALKER, MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL ..	46
L.-CPL. L. A. POWELL, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	46
CADET T. G. KING, NEWTON COLLEGE ..	46
CADET P. SALTER, EXETER SCHOOL ..	46
L.-CPL. G. CONNORS, LOUTH SCHOOL ..	45
CADET C. H. MORGAN, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	45
SERGT. H. W. HANTEN, LOUTH SCHOOL ..	44
SERGT. A. F. HARPER, ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD ..	44
L.-CPL. J. SWABY, LOUTH SCHOOL ..	44
F. H. S. BROWN, KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM ..	44
CADET H. R. TOMLINSON, LOUTH SCHOOL ..	44

In general, the showing this year is remarkably good, in spite of the inevitable afflictions and minor breakdowns and accidents which befall. A position at the head of the list is undoubtedly the most desirable, but it is good to see how some schools often appear for the first time low down on the list and gradually, year by year, improve their position. The teams change very rapidly; seldom, indeed, does a name appear for

more than two successive years; but the foundation is laid, and team succeeds team and improves on the showing of its predecessors. It shows that someone is giving time and taking trouble and that there is the spirit of keenness in the school.

The COUNTRY LIFE Competition is designed to foster this spirit as much as possible, and many officers commanding O.T.C. contingents have again expressed their appreciation of the utility of the competition as an incentive to keenness on shooting. One of the letters says: "Our shooting was so bad that we have no hope of coming anywhere but near the bottom, but I would ask you to let us count in the competition, as the thought of competing is so good for the shooting of the school." That is very definitely the right sporting spirit, and though in two particular cases the writers' forecasts have turned out sadly true, it seems probable that next year will see them beginning that steady upward move which ultimately establishes them as a permanent feature in the leading twenty teams.

THE FARMER AND HIS CUSTOMERS

THE practice of agriculture is the oldest in recorded history. In some form or other it is essential for human existence. At various periods prophets have suggested that science will be able to oust the farmer from his own sphere, but there is no sound evidence as yet that the synthetic products of the chemists are as attractive as Nature's own gifts. The order of the day is to revert to the natural products of the earth if a satisfactory standard of health is to be maintained.

It is fairly certain, therefore, that agriculturists can look forward to their future with confidence, though one is able to predict that changes must take place in the attitude of the farmer towards his customers. There is need to recognise that the practice of agriculture has been transformed from the art which was followed originally in order to ensure the existence of a community, to a business exposed to serious competition. No longer is it necessary for the population of a country to be limited in size by the amount of home-grown food which can be produced. Complications also set in when the wealth of a community increases to such an extent that there is a disposition to be particular as to the kind of food in demand. This is well emphasised in this country, and as a result the choicest food supplies of the world make their way into our markets. Under these conditions it is absolutely essential to study these markets to find out what is required by a discriminating customer.

The public taste provides an interesting study. There is no evidence that this is always uniform, and there are many factors which influence the purchaser of food or other agricultural products. The housewife not only has to please her family but she must have good value for the money expended. In districts where the population is engaged in hard manual labour and where the rates of pay are relatively low, the housewife cannot afford to buy the choice cuts of meat which appeal to the city dweller of more generous means. Indeed, it is common knowledge that the joints of meat which are most suitable are those which take the most time to consume. Most producers, however, have satisfied themselves that the high-class trade is the one which pays the best. It must be remarked, however, that the public taste is not influenced alone by the pleasant sensation which one derives from consuming a certain commodity. Appearance makes an important appeal, and it is in this connection that human preferences markedly differ. One illustration of this is afforded by the dairy industry. Thus in Leicester there is a marked preference for a highly coloured cheese, and for such as much as one penny a pound more is obtained. Yet in Derby, which is only thirty miles away, a light-coloured cheese containing no colouring matter is preferred.

Farmers are rapidly realising that production in these days consists of supplying what the purchasing public looks for. Times have greatly changed from the war-time experiences, when consumers had to take what they could get. When a flat-rate basis for produce operates, the production which pays best is that which gives the greatest weight of food from a given acreage, whether in the form of grain or meat. It was this kind of experience during the war which served to foster the development of many coarse-growing types of animals and restricted the super-quality breeds. This position is now reversed.

It is never safe to venture a prophecy, but it appears highly probable that a closer regard for the public taste in those matters where the public taste is already emphasised will ultimately bring a greater measure of prosperity to agriculture. It is unfortunate that too often home producers have had to take their cue from our overseas competitors, who have carefully studied the requirements of the English markets. It is not to be wondered at that trade has been given to them in consequence, but it also provides an illustration to the home producer that method in production is not only desirable but profitable. This operates with unfailing accuracy throughout the whole range of agricultural production.

There is one factor which is not yet appreciated to the extent that it deserves. To give satisfaction to a consuming public there must be continuity in the supply of the commodities concerned. The marketing investigations which are now being conducted by a special branch of the Ministry of Agriculture impress one with the necessity for combined action on the part of producers, in order that the most beneficial results can be achieved from modern methods of production and marketing. In the ideal state agricultural production must be so organised that overlapping is dispensed with and that continuity is secured.

There are many directions in which production can be still further stimulated. Poultry farmers have provided an object lesson to the other sections of the agricultural industry. The recent Order, which secures that all foreign eggs imported into this country must be marked with the name of the country of origin, is sufficient to ensure that home producers will reap the full advantage of the national marks scheme, and that consumers will have the satisfaction of knowing what they are buying. Collective marketing and grading are likely to bring the producer and consumer into closer sympathy with each other than has hitherto been the case, though there may not be the same contact as previously. Country markets are a legacy of the past, but they are bound to die a natural death when production becomes more organised and when marketing becomes the business of a specialist.

MILK CONSUMPTION.

In the recent issue of the Occasional Notes of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute, an interesting reference is made to milk consumption in the two largest towns in Derbyshire, *viz.*, Derby and Chesterfield. Derby, which has a population of 150,000, consumed an average of 0.45 pint per head last June, whereas Chesterfield, with a population of 63,000, consumed only 0.31 pint per head per day. The consumption throughout England and Wales averages about 0.35 of a pint per day, whereas in Scandinavia and Canada the consumption is more than 1 pint per head. It is possible that the difference in the Derbyshire figures is the outcome of the standard of employment in the two towns. Derby at the time mentioned had little unemployment, the population being largely engaged in the railway, motor and artificial silk industries, the two latter of which are protected by the Safeguarding of Industries Acts. Chesterfield, on the other hand, is in the centre of a coal-mining and steel-producing area, and unemployment was general. The evidence collected by the Institute appears to indicate that the standard of prosperity in the towns has an important influence on the prosperity of agriculture. Milk production has now reached a stage where a surplus over the needs of liquid consumption actually exists. One means of overcoming this surplus is to stimulate consumption, but this is not possible so long as unemployment is widespread.

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH IN 1927.

Reference has been made in previous years to the service which the Royal Agricultural Society of England is rendering to the agricultural industry in collecting and summarising in a readable form the results of research work year by year. Though research work is usually commented upon in the various reports issued from time to time by the Ministry of Agriculture and the Research Institutes, these have a national rather than an international basis. Furthermore, the average farmer does not possess the time necessary to master all the details which are usually included in the various scientific reports. Hence the massing together of proved results in one compact publication every year has an immediate and permanent value to the farmer.

As in previous years, the third volume is divided into seven sections, *viz.*, Crops and Plant Breeding; Dairy Husbandry; Agricultural Economics; Agricultural Engineering; Animal Nutrition; Soils and Fertilisers and Veterinary Science. The whole field of practical agriculture is, therefore, well provided for, though one would have liked a section on Animal Breeding. This latter subject is assuming considerable importance, and a good deal of interesting work is being carried out. This publication is, however, one of the most valuable of all agricultural publications, and in the present case the price has been reduced to 1s. 3d., post free, the publisher being John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article headed as above in your issue of April 20th, on the subject of motor speed limits. The same words, phrases and arguments have appeared in various papers on many occasions during the past few years, but they are not, on that account, any more impressive. To anyone without prejudice it must be clear that excessive speed of vehicles is one of the commonest causes of road accidents (if not the chief cause); further, it is the one factor, or should be, which is under the direct control of drivers. Whatever may be the contributing causes of an accident, it is obvious that the higher the speed of a vehicle the less time will its driver have to correct errors of judgment, to avoid the errors of others, or to deal with any unforeseen circumstances which may arise. I feel I must apologise for stating at some length such obvious facts, but they cannot, I am sure, be denied. It is, of course, equally clear that high speed in itself is not necessarily dangerous, and that while a speed of 50 m.p.h. may often be quite safe, one of 10 m.p.h. may, in certain circumstances, be highly dangerous. The article stated that statistics showed that most of the street accidents in London occurred at speeds of less than 10 m.p.h. It was reported to have been stated in evidence before the Transport Commission that 56 per cent. of the accidents in London occurred at a speed of less than 10 miles per hour; but, as I pointed out in the Press at the time, these figures are of little, if any, value, since there is no means of determining the speed of cars at the time of an accident. Even if the figures are correct, they prove nothing, for most drivers in danger of accident would pull up, and cars can reduce speed very quickly. A quite fair conclusion to draw from this 10 miles per hour figure is that it proves that the drivers in question were going just that amount too fast, and were, therefore, unable to pull up or slow down in time to avoid collision. It was also claimed that statistics proved that mechanically propelled vehicles were only responsible for 36 per cent.

of serious accidents. This seems an extraordinary statement, and I should be interested to know the source from which the figures were obtained. Some reference was made in the article to the letters which appear from time to time on this subject in the Press. It is scarcely surprising that some public interest should be roused, for a daily road death roll of sixteen for Great Britain can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory state of affairs. The extraordinary thing is that this high rate of mortality is so little noticed; if it were to occur, say, on the railways, the papers would be full of scare headings, but, as it is, the deaths from road accidents produce very little comment. The road deaths in London average about three per day, but how little is heard of them. Another striking thing about these accidents is that very little attempt seems to be made to ascertain their real cause. The evidence at coroners' inquests, at any rate as reported in the Press, usually appears very incomplete and inconclusive. As has been recently pointed out, it is with the coroners' juries that the responsibility lies for dealing adequately with these cases, the existing laws being adequate if enforced. A considerable degree of responsibility must also rest on those who so frequently proclaim, with an appearance of authority, that high road speeds are not dangerous, and that speed has nothing to do with accidents.—R. J. CLAUSEN.

AN OLD SPORTING PICTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a picture of mine hoping that, perhaps, one of your readers may help to identify the subject. I bought it at a sale at Christie's in 1910, at which the late Sir Walter Gilbey disposed of a number of sporting pictures by various artists, such as Herring senior, Ben Marshall, H. Alken, Sartorius and S. Elmer. The block on the frame bears in print the words "Huntsman and Hounds. B. Marshall," but the picture is not signed and some good judges have attributed it to Wolstenholme. I have asked several hunting friends to name the Hunt represented, but so far in vain. The figure on the left, apparently the huntsman,

is in a scarlet coat, with a blue and white spotted tie, and rides a chestnut horse. The others are wearing long green coats and white cravats with, in the case of two of them, a band of scarlet showing above the coat collar, probably the top of a scarlet waistcoat. The man pointing with his hunting crop is on a chestnut, the one with upturned coat collar on a bay, and the third on a grey. The group looks like a family one, and, if so, may be the more easily identifiable. I shall be grateful for any light both on the question of the painter and of the Hunt.—A.

"MAY DEW."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. R. E. Head may be interested to hear that a friend of mine (now dead) astonished me by suddenly bending down and gathering a handful of dew, rubbed her wet hand over her face, assuring me that it was a splendid thing for the complexion, and that she bathed her face in dew as often as possible in May. This was within quite recent times, and she kept up the practice until she died. The only other recent usage of May dew that has come to my knowledge was that of a Polish girl who said she always went out very early on May morning to gather dew. The dew must be gathered just at the moment of dawn or it would not be of any use. This dew was placed in a bottle and the face bathed with it every morning to secure a good complexion. I do not think that I ever heard to what part of Poland she belonged, but she said that it was a common custom for the young women of her village to form parties to go out gathering dew. This was, apparently, a fearsome proceeding, for they were frightened to go alone, and went in fear that they might meet some dreadful object in the darkness before the dawn. They had to be in the particular meadow before daylight, or else the May dew would be of no use. Her English was rather limited, and she was quite an uneducated peasant girl, so it was difficult to find out what she had feared in the darkness. I came to the conclusion that it must be some legendary personage that was supposed to haunt the road to the meadow.—PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.



WHAT IS THE HUNT, AND WHO PAINTED IT?

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which I hope you may put in your correspondence columns. Mrs. Hannah Bowyer of Brook House Farm, Bagnale, Stoke-on-Trent, has a dairy shorthorn cow, which is seen with her owner in the photograph, that is eighteen years old and has had fifteen calves, all of which have been heifers. A very heavy and consistent milker, this cow has never had any illness in her life, and she is fit and well now. It is interesting to note that she cost 7s. 6d. as a calf! Other cows may have had more calves, but the fact of this one's being all the same sex is most interesting. Her owner has a large number of them in her herd.—G. H. PARSONS.

A ROYALIST'S EPITAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following epitaph from a tombstone in the Parish Church, Epsom, may interest you:

"Here lies the Carcass
Of honest John Parkhurst,
Who would neither dance nor sing,
But was true to his sovereign Lord and King
Charles the First."

The churchyard contains a good many tombs from Stuart times.—G. L. EVANS.

TALYOTS AND TAULAS.

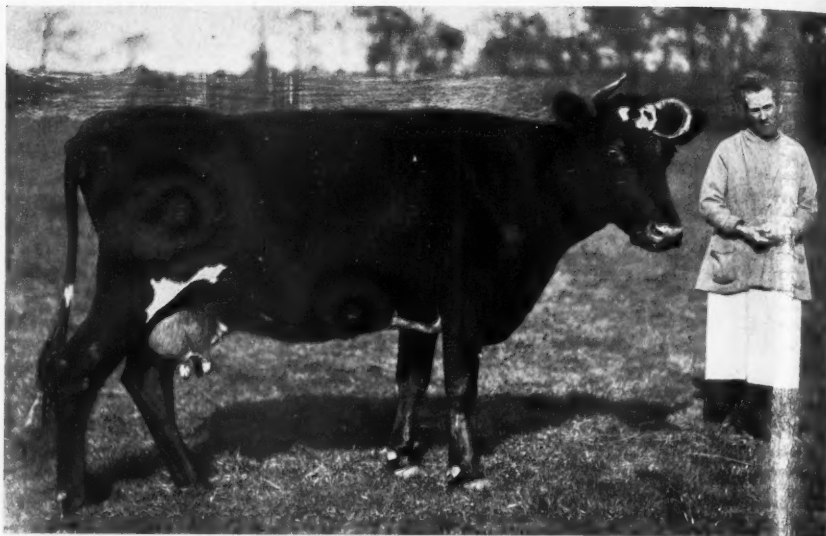
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At the eastern end of Majorca are three or four ancient buildings, locally called "talyots," but in older days "talagas." There remain two types, one square, average



A MINORCAN ALTAR STONE.

11-12yd. sides, the other circular and about sixty paces round the outer circumference. The first have a low entrance, about 2½ft. wide and 3ft. or 3ft. 6ins. high, facing east, but as the roof has fallen in it is impossible to penetrate far, but presumably, since the walls are built of large rough blocks or long slabs of stone laid on the flat base and to a height of 9-10ft., these square-shaped talyots contained chambers or galleries with roofing stones extending from the outer walls to the gallery walls. I noted that the square ones have the outer walls slightly sloping in at the top, and some stones are 6-8ft. long by 2ft. to 2ft. 6ins. broad or high. The most perfect and interesting one is a circular one, hidden by some ilex trees and in excellent repair except for the roof. The walls are about 17ft. high, and 12ft. thick; the inside diameter paces about 26ft. across, with a centre column of five large stones placed on flat sides one above the other to the level of the top of the walls. The outside of the circular wall is built of large blocks of stone, one of which is about 12ft. long by 2ft. 6ins. wide. The inside of the walls contains more tiers and of lesser size stones. The entrance gateway is 2ft. wide only. The headstone has broken, but appears about 4ft. high. The roof has gone, but there are no signs of any inside steps to the roof or of any floor across the inside of the building other than the natural bottom. Can any date be placed on these erections, and were they for ordinary living in or a place of refuge? There are very few of these ancient buildings in Majorca, and they stand in some danger



THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

of being used for building walls or road repairs if fancy takes the owner, but it would seem a pity if these Majorcan talyots, so few in number, were to vanish in the near future for mercantile reasons after having stood up to the present day from whatever was the date of their inception. There are no "taulas" or altar stones in Majorca, but there are in Minorca, twenty miles away, and many talyots, too, of various shapes and sizes. I send you a photograph of a Minorcan taula.—M. PORTAL.

AN ALBINO SQUIRREL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While walking in our garden on the morning of April 20th I saw a small white animal sitting at the foot of an oak tree. On approaching the tree I saw that the animal was an albino squirrel. It was pure white, with pink eyes, and except that it was somewhat smaller, it had much the same characteristics as the common red squirrel, having a very bushy tail and pointed ears. I have heard of albino forms of the grey squirrel, but this is the first albino of the red species to come to my notice, and I shall be interested to hear if this form is an uncommon occurrence.—M. E. FIELD-MARSHAM.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY COTTAGES SAVED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The trustees of St. John's Hospital and Allied Charities, Winchester, have instructed us to send you this photograph of a pair of cottages in western Hampshire of probably sixteenth century date. Apart from the beauty of their appearance, the particular interest in this case is that, being situated at the extreme boundary of the owner's estate,

the cottages were of no practical use to him and had been somewhat neglected, but having in view the desirability of their preservation, the owner recently offered the cottages to the charity on generous terms. As the trustees own a neighbouring farm, they were able to accept the offer and house tenants therein. Some necessary repairs have been executed and the roofs re-thatched. The trustees propose to take further steps as opportunity offers to preserve the present appearance of the cottages and carry out such improvements as may be desirable for the comfort of the tenants. The result is that by collaboration of adjoining owners a piece of traditional Hampshire building is likely to be preserved.—CANCELLOR AND SAWYER.

AN UNKNOWN BIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While watching a flight of rooks and jackdaws passing over the railway line, I was surprised to see among them a large, dark-looking bird with a white tail. It was flying against the light, visibility being very bad, so that it was impossible to distinguish the body colours, although the pure white tail was very distinct. It was about twice the size of a rook and flew rather heavily, with outspread tail. The day was very cold, with a keen north wind blowing, and the frost still lay heavy on the ground. Evidently the rooks had flown up from where a number of lambing ewes had been shut up in the meadow for the night. I watched for some time, but, although many rooks came and went, the white-tailed bird did not return for me to identify it. I should have thought it a parti-coloured rook, but its great size made this impossible. Could the bird have been a white-tailed eagle, driven out of its course by the severe weather?—F. P.



A PIECE OF TRADITIONAL HAMPSHIRE BUILDING.